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THE PICTURES AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

Of the pictures now at the Garrick Club the bulk and backbone of the collection consists of the gallery formed long ago by the elder Mathews. A passion for collecting theatrical portraits was early developed in that eminent actor, and was greatly aided by his good fortune in securing the bulk of the pictures in this series which had belonged to Mr. Harris, the old lessee of Covent Carden. Mrs. Mathews, his wife and biographer, tells us how the pictures were saved from the swindling tenant that robbed them of their rent in the King's Road cottage. Mathews's "giant hobby," as she calls it, was then (1814) in its infancy, but the Mr. Tonson who succeeded them in the cottage begged to be allowed to retain the pictures, which were then hanging in one small room. But Mathews would as soon "have left behind him an eye or a limb as these his treasures." When times became more prosperous, and Mathews took the house at Hampstead, he was at great pains to build a gallery on purpose for his pictures. They had now increased considerably in number, and were not the least potent of the attractions in his charming home. Yet his gallery was a constant trouble to him. Some of his grievances with regard to it have been preserved, and are sufficiently amusing. Applications to see the pictures were very numerous, but all comers were not equally appreciative. When Mathews welcomed an earnest and intelligent visitor, he called it "receiving a dividend" on his outlay; and it was really a treat, Mrs. Mathews tells us, to listen to his extempore catalogue, his anecdotes, and his imitations of the persons portrayed. But he was constantly annoyed by inquisitive creatures who came to see the actor celebrity rather than the pictures he owned. Their absurd and inappropriate remarks chafed him terribly, and often enough he would escape, declaring it was time to take his afternoon ride. Some of these mistakes, which so irritated and exasperated Mr. Mathews, are worth repeating. That Harloe's fine picture of Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth should be thought a portrait of Mrs. Mathews; that Dewilde's exquisite portrait of Miss De Camp (Mrs. Charles Kemble) in male attire, as Patie in the *Gentle Shepherd*, should be thought to represent Master Betty; or that he should be asked by a person, who had evidently never entered a London theatre, why there was no portrait of Milton with the rest, are humorous illustrations of the stupidity of Mr. Mathews'

tormentors. But the time came when the whole collection was thrown open to the public. Private reasons led to the exhibition of the Mathews pictures in Oxford Street; and there is still extant a catalogue, prefaced by a characteristic article of Charles Lamb's, which appeared originally in the *London Magazine*. After their exhibition, and still in Mr. Mathew's lifetime, they were removed to the Garrick Club. They had now passed practically into the possession of Mr. John Rowland Durrant, a member of the Garrick, who eventually gave them to the club. His example has been followed, among others, by Sir John Millais; by Sir John Gilbert, who painted for the club his admirable portrait of Thackeray; by the late John Phillip, R.A., and by many more. The great landscape painters of a now past generation contributed to the embellishment of the new house, and there is no finer specimen of a Stansfield than the magnificent sea-piece in the smoking-room, no better David Roberts than the picture of the "Holy Land," painted expressly for the same room, a picture in which Louis Haghe collaborated, he having also contributed two very fine street scenes with figures. Mr. Stansfield had previously presented the club with a beautiful Italian landscape, "The Port of Ancona," which hangs on the staircase; and the list would be incomplete if we did not include the name of Mr. O'Neill, A.R.A., who has painted and presented a large portrait group of the leading members of the club. Another valued and, in its way, delightful gift, was the series of water-colour drawings representing the younger Mathews in his various characters. These drawings, which are excellent specimens of clear, clean water-colour works, are unsigned, but I have heard them attributed to a Mr. Child, who was well known in artistic circles of the last generation.

The theatrical portraiture at the Garrick covers a wide range; it goes back from the present day to those remote, semi-heroic times immediately following the Restoration, when his Majesty's servants were still deemed rogues and vagabonds liable to be proceeded against at law, in spite of the patronage and protection of the great. These early works are more interesting, perhaps from an historical than an artistic point of view. One or two may be attributed to the great painters of the time, but are not invariably in their best manner; others are almost unmistakable copies, or the works of now forgotten, nameless men. The most ancient in date, perhaps, is the picture between the windows of the coffee-room, by Michael Wright, signed and dated 1672, a copy, by the painter himself, of the original, which was a commission from Charles II., and is now in Windsor Castle. Lacy was a great favourite with the merry monarch, who especially liked him in the three parts represented in this picture,—a part in the *Taming of the Shrew*, Parson Scruple in *The Cheats*, and Monsieur de Vice in *The Country Captain*. Another very successful

character of Lacy's was Teague, the Irish footman, in the *Committee*, "a merry but indifferent play," Pepys tells us, "but Lacy's part is beyond imagination." Of the same date is the portrait of Cave Underhill as Obadiah in this same play of the *Committee*. Underhill was the comrade of Anthony Leigh, "a more mercurial actor," another great favourite with Charles II.; his portrait is in the coffee-room as Dominic in *The Spanish Friar*, a most effective rendering of a part said to combine demure wickedness with the overbearing demeanour of a proud priest. Another contemporary whose portrait is preserved is Nat. Lee, the mad actor-poet, who played Duncan in *Macbeth* in 1672, and afterwards wrote his tragedy of *Alexander the Great* in Bedlam. Lee was found dead in the snow in the streets of London when still quite a young man. But the greatest "stars" of the epoch were undoubtedly Betterton and Mrs. Barry, of whom there is a picture, unsigned, in the strangers' dining-room, representing the former as Hamlet, the latter as Queen. The painting is dark and discoloured, while the composition leaves much to be desired. Hamlet, the principal figure is close to the frame; a large portion of the canvas is occupied by the mailed figure of the Ghost, and the attitudes of the actors are stagey in their exaggerated exhibition of terror. But the picture is valuable as a pictorial record of worthies whose figures are forgotten, although their names survive. All Betterton's contemporaries speak of him in terms of unmeasured praise. Addison says that "such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans." Hamlet seems to have been his strongest part. There is little, however, in the picture I am describing to verify these accounts of him. His companion in it, Mrs. Barry, was little less celebrated than himself, and was generally reputed the finest actress of her day. At first unsuccessful, she presently gained the highest praise, "a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen in a theatre," says Dryden in his preface to *Cleomenes*, a tragedy in which she played the heroine. Yet "with all her enchantment," it was Anthony Aston's opinion that "this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side. . . . She was middle-sized, had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferent plump." The round full cheeks of this florid beauty are distinctly recorded in the Garrick picture of Mrs. Barry.

Of the same period, and perhaps more widely and more popularly known, was "the impudent comedian, the merry monarch's chief favourite, the indiscreetest, wildest creature that ever was in a court," but "a mighty pretty soul,"—Nell Gwynne. There are two portraits of her in the club; one unsigned and scarcely valuable, the other a fair example of Sir Peter Lely, who painted her again and again This canvas, which hangs in the drawing-room, is no doubt inferior to the fine portraits possessed by Sir Brook Boothby, or by Earl

Spencer at Althorp, but it brings before us with pleasing truthfulness the well-known characteristics of this frail but engaging creature. She freely displays her exuberant charms, and we can admire her pink and white complexion, her ripe *embonpoint*, the round beautiful face, the reddish auburn hair, the turned-up nose, and the laughing, lively eyes, so small as to be almost invisible at times. An especial beauty in the ancestress of the Beauclercs was a diminutive foot, "the smallest foot in England," which strange to say, is not reproduced in any of her portraits. A more estimable character, who followed close in her footsteps and long outlived her, was Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose portrait, by an unknown hand, hangs on the grand staircase. We can see in this canvas, which represents her in dark blue velvet, trimmed with dark brown fur, just removing a mask, the beauties that Ashton has recorded, the "dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh blushy complexion." We can understand as we gaze on these pure pearly flesh tints, the tendency she exhibited to flush "in her breast, neck, and face," whenever she exerted herself. "Never," says Cibber, "was any woman in such general favour with the spectators." All who looked upon her loved her. She inspired the best authors to write for her, Rowe and Congreve amongst the number. All the gay sparks of the period sighed for her, yet her private character was unimpeachable. The story of Captain Hill's attempted abduction of her is too well known to need repetition. Mrs. Bracegirdle retired early from the stage; a young and not less fascinating actress was rising into favour, and threatening to throw the elder actress in the shade. This wa, Ann Oldfield, "a lady whose ravishing perfections," says Fieldings "are the admiration of every eye and ear." Cibber describes her as "tallish in stature, beautiful in action and aspect, with a countenance benevolent, like her heart. We see something of these traits in the portraits of her at the Garrick; the broad round face, with the large speaking eyes which she half shut with so much archness in comedy. Mrs. Oldfield was much esteemed in general society, although her private life was scarcely irreproachable. She had one son by Arthur Maynwaring, and afterwards was under the protection of General Churchill, a son of the great Duke of Marlborough's elder brother. The story goes that Queen Caroline remarked to her one day, "I hear that you and the General are married." "Madam," replied the actress discreetly, "the General keeps his own secrets." Mrs. Oldfield's descendants married well, and she herself found burial in Westminister Abbey, with peers supporting her pall.

Doggett, an excellent comic actor of those early days, deserves a passing word. His portrait in the club may be examined by those who only know his name in connection with the coat and badge still

rowed for by Thamas watermen under the terms of his will. A testy, obstinate creature, with a passion for money-grubbing, devoted to usury and stockjobbing, but nevertheless a truly great comedian. One of the greatest names, however, more, perhaps, from the prominent part he played in the world than from his dramatic powers, was that of Colley Cibber, who from small beginnings rose to be poet-laureate, to be widely esteemed in the West End, to live in Berkeley Square, to be a member of White's, and to be buried in Westminister Abbey as a great man. He was unquestionably the worst poet-laureate ever was made. For nearly thirty years his verses were ridiculed by the whole town. But he was a successful dramatist, and he dared even to "adapt" Shakespeare to the stage; what is more, his adaptations survive. As an actor, he was essentially comic, but he preferred to play tragedy, although his Richard III., and all his passionate performances, made people laugh. Fortunately we see him at the Garrick portrayed in the character that was universally acknowledged to have suited him best: it is that of Lord Foppington, in the third act of *The Relapse*, when he is saying, "I wouldn't be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my body as I have in my heart." The picture is by Grisoni, an Italian painter who particularly excelled in portraiture, and it is easy to understand from this canvas how Colley Cibber's Lord Foppington, bedecked in an embroidered suit loaded with ornaments, bearing his muff, his snuff box, and his clouded cane, continued for years a model of fashionable dress. Cibber was the connecting link between several generations. He had seen and reverenced Betterton, he played with Quin, and he survived to pass an opinion upon Garrick's early bids for dramatic fame.

Quin, who was the last of the Betterton school, was long the despot of the stage. A gentleman by birth, a lawyer by profession, his sympathies, his aspirations, were all dramatic, and he was successful almost from the moment he appeared. It was in Falstaff, for which he was especially suited, with his tall and bulky person, his strong yet pleasing voice, his piercing and expressive eyes, that he first conquered the town. In tragedy he imitated Booth, whose Cato he was said to surpass; but Quin had none of his model's power of passion or gifts of grace and action. He was dull, heavy, monotonous, emphasising the worst faults of his great predecessor. Yet Quin was long without rivals; he made his own terms with managers; his word was law upon the stage; in private life he was feared, tolerated, caressed. The best houses were open to him in London, Bath or the counties, and he is no doubt best remembered from his eccentric ways, his epicurean tastes, and his hectoring, quarrelsome tongue. He was a noted duellist, twice killed his man; while his repartees were often cruel, but generally humorous. Quin, was honourably proud of his profession, and every one will admire the sturdy inde-

pendence of his reply to the nobleman who regretted that Quin was a player. "What would your lordship have me?—a lord?" was a fitting retort to the insolent speech. Quin's elocution must have been highly esteemed, for he was selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, to instruct the royal children; and when George III. delivered his first speech from the throne, it was with pardonable exultation that Quin exclaimed, "I taught the boy to speak." Of the various portraits the Garrick possesses of Quin, the best is a small Hogarth in the strangers' coffee-room, representing him at sixty in the unsuitable part of Young Chamont in *The Orphan*. Quin, corpulent and overgrown, weighing some sixteen stone, appears in a crimson coat richly trimmed with lace, a long white periwig, and square-toed shoes, "more like Sir John Brute in the drunken scene," says a critic, "than the youthful and fiery Chamont." Yet it is a charming cabinet picture, beautiful in colour, and in excellent preservation.

Most of Quin's contemporaries are to be found amongst the Garrick portraits. A fine painting is that of Mrs. Clive by Verelst. Verelst must be one of the family of the well-known Verelst, the Dutch painter of Charles II.'s reign, probably his grandson, William Verelst, who was much esteemed as a portrait painter in London during the first half of the eighteenth century. I have heard this Garrick picture ascribed to Van Haecken on the grounds that there is a well-known print of it so signed; but I have seen this print, and observe distinct differences between it and the Verelst "Clive" at the Garrick. The Garrick portrait endorses the contemporary opinion that Mrs. Clive, the Kitty Clive of her day, was not beautiful; but she had a fine person, and her face is lively and expressive. We see before us the "jovial, ugly, witty, sensible actress," who was the universal favourite of the day, particularly in Nell in *The Devil to Pay*, and similar characters. Her comic talents were deservedly styled exquisite. She was essentially natural, and created a school of realism, so that the best acting in her line has been modelled after her. Her walk in comedy was extensive—chambermaids, hoydens, romps, country girls, viragoes, and superannuated dowds. "No one," says one who had often seen her, "could be grave when Clive was disposed to be gay." Although separated from her husband, a brother of the Mr. Baron Clive, her fair fame was never spotted by the slightest suspicion of calumny. Frank, blunt, eccentric in manner and disposition, she was respected to the last, and left the stage after a long and brilliant career, to survive for many years in a modest villa on the banks of the Thames. She was bitten by the prevailing vice of gambling, and did not always keep her temper at play. No better story is told than that of her at quadrille, when her opponent, a hoary-headed dowager, demanded payment for two black aces. "Two black aces!" cried Kitty Clive, "I'd like to give you two

black eyes, you old white cat!" Two other great actresses may be mentioned here, contemporaries of Quin and Kitty Clive, and in their *débuts* slightly antecedent to Garrick, although their fame was brightest when associated with him. These were Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber, both of whom are well represented in the Garrick, as we shall see. The first began at the booths of Bartholomew Fair, but she rose rapidly to a leading position upon the London stage. Her range was wide. She was equally strong in tragedy and comedy, and in this respect was superior to her great successor, Mrs. Siddons, who lacked her versatility. "Mrs. Pritchard," says Dibdin, "was everywhere great, everywhere impressive, everywhere feminine." Yet this marvellous actress was nothing off the stage; she was the reality of the type Thackeray drew in "the Fotheringay," and it is quite possible that he gained his conception from her. Dr. Johnson said, "Pritchard in common life was a vulgar idiot; she would talk of her *gownd*. . . . Sir, she had never read the tragedy of *Macbeth* through; she had no more thought of the play out of her own part than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut." Mrs. Siddons hesitated to believe this statement, but she was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted Lady Macbeth, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy. "I cannot believe it," says Mrs. Siddons. As an actress, she had more general ability than Mrs. Cibber. The latter's acting was delightful, Mrs. Pritchard's commanding; "one insinuated herself into the heart, the other took possession of it." Mrs. Cibber's strong point was her exquisite silver-toned voice. She almost sang her part; it was a sweet, high-pitched sort of recitative. There was naturally much of the conventionality of the old school in her favourite "demi-chant," which, as Cumberland records, was so extremely wanting in contrast, that though it did not wound the ear it wearied it. But this peculiar gift of one who belonged to a very musical family gave her great power in all tender and pathetic parts. She long preserved, too, upon the stage the appearance of youth, and this in spite of domestic troubles and the blackguard treatment of her husband, that finished scoundrel, Theophilus Cibber. At fifty, Mrs. Cibber could still play the part of Celia, a girl of sixteen; her uncommon symmetry, her singular vivacity, kept her apparently young to the last. Ophelia was the part with which she was chiefly identified, but she achieved a great triumph as Constance in *King John*.

It is in association with these famous actresses that we have the great English Roscius brought vividly before us in the club that bears his name. Among the finest pictures in the Garrick are those which, hanging over the opposite fireplaces of the coffee-room, repre-

sent Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in *Macbeth*, and Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in *Venice preserved*. They are both from the brush of the Italian, Zoffany, who came to London and starved at decorating clock faces, until he found work as a portrait painter. Garrick was a constant sitter to him, and was painted by him in many of his characters; as Abel Drugger and Sir John Brute, both of them admirable renderings of the great actor, and well known from the engravings of those works; again, as Lord Chalkstone, which is in the Garrick collection. The two pictures in the Garrick to which I would now refer, full of character and of now ripened colour, are in Zoffany's best manner. In *Macbeth* we have the dagger scene, when Lady Macbeth taunts her cowardly lord: "Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" words spoken, we can well understand, with tremendous effect. Garrick's terror-stricken attitude is most effective. We regret, as we gaze on him, the incongruity of his costume; for Garrick, although a stage reformer, had not dared to depart from old traditions of dress, and he is playing the Highland thane in a long-skirted blue coat with crimson cuffs, and a full-bottomed wig of the Georgian period. When West, the painter, asked him why he adhered to this ridiculous usage, he said he was afraid of his audience, who would have thrown a bottle at his head if he had dared to change. It was reserved for John Philip Kemble, when stage-manager at Drury Lane, to correct the absurdities of stage costume, although Henderson appears to have preceded him in this respect. In Romney's picture of Henderson as Macbeth, on the club staircase, the Scotchman makes up as an excellent mediæval warrior, wearing body armour, with arms and legs bare. Macklin, in 1772, played Macbeth at Covent Garden in the dress of a Highland chieftain, but is described as a clumsy old man, who looked more like a Scotch piper than a great general. It may be added here that Kemble himself first played Othello in the full uniform of a British general; in *Macbeth* he wore a hearse-like plume in his bonnet, and Mrs. Crouch, the singer, who played the First Witch, was in point lace and powdered hair.

But it is easy to realise that Garrick was independent of errors in dress. The attitude preserved by Zoffany in this picture, the two outstretched hands and the gesture of turning away, appears to have been a favourite with Garrick. This peculiar action was reproduced within living memory by General Arabin, who had seen Garrick, and was supposed to imitate him successfully. The picture from *Venice Preserved* is equally impressive. Here again we have Garrick as the Italian in a modern court dress, although Mrs. Cibber, as Belvidera, is in a costume which bears some resemblance to that of a Venetian dame. The scene is that in which Jaffier, with uplifted dagger, is about to stab her. Belvidera is on her knees, her beautiful

face upturned in an ecstacy of terror. It is just possible to trace in this picture the curious likeness supposed to exist between Garrick and Mrs. Cibber. From similarity of complexion, size, and countenance, they would easily have been supposed to be brother and sister. This is Davies's opinion, and the statement is borne out by Cumberland. These two Zoffanys are the most important and noteworthy portraits of Garrick, but there are of course many others in the club; the great actor was being painted continually by all the great artists of the day: Hogarth, Loutherbourg, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Zoffany, as I have said. Garrick must have been a trying sitter. An amusing story is told of the way he practised upon the patience and temper of Gainsborough. He paid sixteen visits to his studio, it is said, and on each occasion had imperceptibly wrought a change in his features; at last the painter, declaring he could not paint a man with such a "Protean phiz," threw down his brush in despair. The extraordinary facial power of Garrick is still further shown in the fact that he sat to Hogarth as Fielding, after the novelist's death. Hogarth wished to paint a posthumous likeness of Fielding, but there was no work extant to which he could refer. Garrick, therefore, dressed in a suit of Fielding's clothes, and cleverly assumed his features, look, and attitude. It was not strange that Johnson, when he learnt that Garrick's face was growing wrinkled, should exclaim, "And so it ought, for whose face has experienced so much wear and tear as his?" There is a small portrait of him as Richard III. by George Morland, after Dance, a copy of the well-known original in the possession of Sir Watkin Wynne. If this be really a Morland, it is valuable even as a copy; but we must not forget that this painter, amazingly prolific though he was, allowed others to use his signature to their works. The attitude is stagey and forced, and although the part was one in which he gained unmeasured applause, we may believe with many that it was not his best. Hogarth, however, declared that he here excelled, that he was most at home when begrimed with blood, or in coarse characters like Abel Drugger. We see him again in the club in a well-painted but greatly reduced copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of "The Actor between Tragedy and Comedy."

Garrick was surrounded and supported by a galaxy of celebrities, male and female. "The ladies of his theatre were the plagues of his life;" the women worried the good-natured manager to death. I have dealt with two of them, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber; others were the celebrated Peg Woffington, George Ann Bellamy, Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Pope. So much has been written concerning Mrs. Woffington that it is hardly necessary to give any detailed account of her. We see her in the Garrick, the versatile, bewitching, and whimsical Irishwoman, well portrayed in several

canvases. There is a Hogarth in the drawing-room which represents her on a couch, "dallying and dangerous," as Charles Lamb wrote of this picture; a lovely recumbent figure in a reddish-brown picture, with tiny white-slippered feet outstretched. The colour of the picture is somewhat dark and perished, but the face is rendered with that special aptitude for beauty which is a not sufficiently well recognised attribute of the great caricaturist. Close by is another Woffington, painted by a less famous hand, that of Mercier, possibly less truthful, but certainly more beautiful. Philip Mercier was a Frenchman, born at Berlin, and brought over to England by Frederick, Prince of Wales, who made him a member of his household, but after nine years of it, he set up on his own account as a portrait painter in Covent Garden. His work is exceedingly fresh, and in looking at this charming portrait of Woffington, with its lovely face, its dark expressive eyes, and engaging aspect, we can understand the empire she exercised over men's hearts. It has been said she was the handsomest woman that ever appeared on the stage; unfortunately she had a bad voice, "the only impediment to her becoming superlatively excellent." She was an actress of all work, playing all parts, from Sir Harry Wildair to Lady Macbeth. "She was famous for performing in male attire," says Leigh Hunt, "and her Sir Harry Wildair, the character in which she first appeared in London, was so excellent, she represented the gay, dissipated, good-humoured rake with so much ease, elegance, and propriety of deportment, that no male actors could compete with her." A true artist, she could on occasion sacrifice personal feelings to the general interests of the theatre, and "she ever remained," says a contemporary, "the same gay, affable, obliging, good-natured Peggy to all around her," except to one person, her rival and pet aversion, George Ann Bellamy. These two were deadly foes. The rivalry between them reached its climax when they played in *The Rival Queens*. Peg was dressed, we are told, in a cast-off robe of the Princess-Dowager of Wales, while Bellamy had sent to Paris for two magnificent costumes. Peg, in the great scene as Roxana, maddened by jealousy, rolled her rival in the dust, and pummeling her with the handle of her dagger, gave peculiar effect to the words, "Die, sorceress, die!" which were in her part. There is a portrait of Miss Bellamy in the coffee-room, by Lindo—a dark-haired and seemingly dark-eyed beauty, but sprightly and elegant in figure, quite charming enough to explain the adulation and attention she received while she was in the full possession of her charms. Her Juliet was perfection; of her Belvidera a fine judge said, "I came to admire Garrick, but I go away enchanted with Bellamy." Her surpassing beauty, her soft blue eyes, her exquisite fairness, rendered her "a very goddess of love." Yet her career ended in debt, darkness, and misery.

Mrs. Abington began as a flower-girl, or worse, but she became an educated and accomplished woman, and was an especial favourite of the Dublin stage when Garrick persuaded her to succeed Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive at Drury Lane. He seems, on a closer acquaintance, to have especially hated her, often speaking of her as "that most worthless creature, that worst of bad women; she is as silly as she is false and treacherous." Yet she had undoubted talent, wide and various; "she thinks nothing low that is nature, nothing mean or beneath her skill which is characteristic." She is chiefly remembered as the original Lady Teazle, and the Garrick Club is fortunate in possessing a capital picture by Roberts of the great screen scene in *The School for Scandal.* Mrs. Abington is the centre figure, and with her are King, as the original Sir Peter Teazle, and Smith and Palmer as Charles and Joseph Surface. Mrs. Abington's cleverness was not confined to the stage; she appears to have been gifted with exquisite taste in dress. Her style was copied, her advice was sought by great ladies, and at one time the "Abington" cap was in all the milliners' shops. There is another portrait of her, by Hickey, as Lady Bab Lardoon in *The Maid of Oaks,* in the drawing-room. Mrs. Pope was practically a pupil of Garrick's; he "took uncommon pains with her." "I shall consider her," says Boaden, "as a daughter of Garrick's theatre, for there she acquired all the resources of her art, and they constituted her the most general actress the world has ever seen." But she was more especially Mrs. Clive's successor in broad comedy, although Cordelia to Garrick's Lear was a great part of hers. An interesting point in connection with Mrs. Pope was the strong resemblance she was supposed to bear to the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, George III.'s early love. The king, in the autumn of life and the decay of his mental powers, saw Mrs. Pope at Drury Lane, and was heard to mutter, "She's like Lady Sarah still." One or two more actresses of this epoch must be mentioned here: Mrs. Yates, of whom there is a fine portrait by Coates in the coffee-room, an actress of fine presence, very beautiful and dignified; and Mrs. Barry, wife of Spranger Barry, the silver-tongued Irishman, who competed not unsuccessfully with Garrick. Mrs. Barry was admirable in comedy; her Rosalind and Beatrice were both perfect representations, but she was great as Cordelia, and overwhelmingly pathetic as Belvidera. She used to say she played tragedy to please the town, comedy to please herself. By common consent the most lovely actress of that age was Mrs. Hartley, of whom Garrick said, "A finer creature I never saw." There is a good full-length portrait of her in the club by Angelica Kauffman, in vestal white—long diaphanous robes, clinging close to her pliant and graceful form. She has the snowy flesh-tints so common with freckled complexions, and the reddish auburn hair that Giorgione loved to paint. People raved

about her; all censure, all criticism, turned to panegyric on looking at her. We can almost understand how "Gentleman Smith," of Drury Lane, made a fool of himself about her, and was prepared to desert his wife, Lord Sandwich's sister, sooner than give up his Rose Hartley. She was a favourite subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and posed as the beautiful female in several of his most celebrated pictures. Another beautiful actress, whose life was more romantic and unfortunate, was Mrs. Robinson, the Perdita who conquered George IV. when the young Prince of Wales. The story is not a savoury one, and need not be repeated, but the beauty of her face and person may be realised in the various portraits we see of her. Mrs. Pitt, too, who invariably played the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, must have been really attractive, if we are to believe Hogarth's beautiful cabinet portrait of her in the strangers' smoking-room.

The strange world that Garrick ruled was peopled and crowded with eminent men. He had a host of good actors in his corps: some jealous rivals to be won over by his gentle considerateness, some too easily alienated, some loyal, faithful friends to the last. Macklin, the veteran who died at one hundred and seven, quarrelled with Garrick, as he did with everyone else, and was implacable to the last. The wild Irishman, as he was called, savage, overbearing, violent in temper, was once tried for his life, and convicted of manslaughter at the Old Bailey. He is to be seen in the Garrick, painted by Opie when he was ninety-three, and the canvas preserves his harsh features and generally unprepossessing face. Quin had some excuse for saying of him that the lines of his face were like cordage, and again, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." Woodward was another of Garrick's supporters, long a member of the Drury Lane company, but returning in later years to Covent Garden, from which he came. He began as an apprentice to Rich, the first harlequin, who played under the name of Lun, and was "a very artful contriver of that kind of stage preformance called pantomime." Speaking of Rich, I may mention that there is a small Hogarth in this collection of him and his family. An eccentric man, imperfectly educated, whom Foote accused of being unable to write his own name, Rich was nevertheless a very successful manager, who drew as great crowds to his theatre as Garrick, with all his genius, could collect at Drury Lane. Excellent, almost unrivalled, as harlequin, especially in his attitudes, Woodward was yet far more: he was esteemed the best Petruchio of his day, and no one will wonder at this reputation who sees the Garrick portrait of him in this character by Vandergucht. There is nothing better in the collection. It is Petruchio himself, with his bold, swaggering, self-reliant air, and any modern actor who wishes to make up the part has here a most perfect model to his hand. Woodward was also strong in

Bobadil, and Parolles. He was infinitely droll in Sir Andrew Aguecheek; but he could play everything comic—scamps, fops simpletons, fools. Dr. Doran thought him the exact prototype of the elder Mathews. "He had brisk and genuine if rather brassy humour," says Leslie, "but in spite of his sense, and with the best intentions, he never could utter a line of tragedy."

King was another of the company—handsome, courtly Tom King, long stage manager at Drury Lane, "whose acting," says Charles Lamb, "left a taste on the palate sharp and sweet, like a quince." King, as I have said, created the part of Sir Peter Teazle. There was an epigrammatic style in everything he tried which gave peculiar point to Sheridan's spirited dialogue. It was the same in Lord Ogelby in *The Clandestine Marriage*, the principal scene in which we have admirably preserved in a picture by Zoffany. It hangs in the drawing-room, in an excellent light, showing well the beautiful landscape background, and is a perfect specimen of the master's style. Lord Ogelby is placing his heart at the feet of Miss Sterling (Mrs. Baddeley), having been introduced and recommended by Canton, his French valet, played by Baddeley. Mrs. Baddeley was dissolute, even for that light age; she had already left her husband, and they were not on speaking terms, although performing on the same stage. The absurd similarity of their private relations to those dramatically depicted in this scene so highly amused George III. when he saw the play that it was by his special command that Zoffany painted this picture. The story is told at length in Galt's *Lives of the Players*. Mrs. Baddeley was very beautiful; her life in its early phases was romantic, if not straitlaced, but she died in abject degradation. Baddeley, originally a cook, was a good comic actor, but he is better remembered now-a-days by his benevolent bequests than by his stage prowess. The Baddeley Twelfth Cake at Drury Lane is an institution he created and endowed, since greatly developed by the liberal hospitality of the present lessee of the theatre, Mr. Augustus Harris. There are other portraits of King in the Garrick—one by Zoffany, as Touchstone, and another in day dress, by Richard Wilson, the great English landscape painter, who began his career with portraits. This is possibly a portion of some larger work. Kemble has been heard to say that he vaguely remembered having seen the figure of King on a larger canvas, and in this picture the frame exactly cuts a small dog in two. King was also the first Puff in *The Critic;* and great as Mr. Oakley in *The Jealous Wife*. He was in every way a finished comedian.

Space forbids me to give more than a passing word to Yates, who was notoriously careless in learning his parts; to Jack Palmer, who is the Joseph Surface in the screen scene already mentioned, a pleasing, plausible actor, of whom there is a fine portrait in the coffee-room, by Arrowsmith; to David Ross, painted by Zoffany, as Hamlet; to Par-

sons, a born comedian, the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*, of whom there is a capital portrait by Vandergucht, as Obadiah in *The Committee*, with Moody as Teague, both highly successful impersonations. There is a fine portrait, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Foote, another of Garrick's contemporaries, who soon ran alone at the Haymarket, where he was the father of the modern entertainment. We have here the very man, with his mouth set in the corner of his face, the coarse, humorous features that he could twist into an exact imitation of everyone, "from the court end of the town to Whitechapel." Foote, it will be remembered, generally satirised the failings of the day: vulgar gentility, the passion for bric-à-brac, medical quacks, nabobs, society at Bath. He has been called the British Aristophanes, but the simile is not happy. There was little original wit in Foote; he was an imitator—spiteful, sardonic—who seized strongly marked foibles, and made their owners look like rascals or fools. No public man, it was said, could enter Foote's theatre without fear of finding himself attacked. He spared no one where he could make a brutal jest. The loss of his leg, due to his excessive vanity in thinking he could ride, was a terrible blow to him; and the pain he had inflicted on so many others recoiled on him, when he himself became the victim of a foul and shameful charge. The imputation was completely disproved, but it eventually killed him.

As Garrick's star was waning, a new and not less brilliant light appeared above the horizon. One of his last managerial acts was to introduce Mrs. Siddons to the London stage, as a set-off, she herself declares, against the jealous pretensions of the other ladies of his company. In any case, the majestic Sarah's first appearance was a failure. She is described as a pretty, delicate, fragile-looking creature, most unbecomingly dressed, speaking in a broken, tremulous voice that lapsed into a horrid, almost inaudible whisper. It was not till her return, seven years later, that she took the town by storm. She secured a tremendous success as Isabella in *The Fatal Marriage*, and sprang at once into fame. "Like a resistless torrent she carried everything before her;" her merit seems to have swallowed up all remembrance of past and present performances. "Her lofty beauty," says her biographer, Thomas Campbell, "her graceful walk and gesture, and her potent elocution, were endowments which at the first sight marked her supremacy on the stage." "There never perhaps was a better stage figure than Mrs. Siddons," says another biographer, Boaden. Above the middle height, but exactly symmetrical in figure, with finely formed features, extraordinary flexibility, a voice naturally plaintive, that grew sonorous and passionate at will, she had absolute dominion over her audience. She sent women into hysterics, convulsed men with tears, even frightened her companions on the stage. We see her in the Garrick twice, painted by Harlowe, as Lady Mac-

beth. One picture represents her at the dread moment when she first conceives her crime: "Come all ye spirits that tend on mortal thought, unsex me here." The other is the sleep-walking scene, in which she held her audience spell-bound, when, with awful, remorseful voice she cries, "Out, damned spot!" In both portraits full justice is done to the splendid countenance and imposing attitude of the great tragedian. Lady Macbeth was her favourite part. How she realised it, may be gathered from her own account of her first study of it, when late at night she was seized with a paroxyism of terror in the assassination scene, and hurried to bed without daring even to take off her clothes. Only second to his great sister was John Philip Kemble, who owed his introduction to London to her. Croker says, "He had no competitor in any walk of tragedy. . . . . Mrs. Siddons, it is agreed, was never excelled, and he by Garrick alone, and by Garrick only in his universality." He was an unrivalled Romeo, his Cato was magnificent, and in Coriolanus he reached the summit of high tragic dignity. This great actor is well represented at the Garrick as Cato, a small replica of the large portrait painted for Lord Blessington. The copy was made by Lawrence himself for Mathews under peculiar circumstances. The story is told at length in Mrs. Mathew's life of her husband —how Mathews had been promised a copy by Lord Blessington, and how, after many delays and much disappointment, Lawrence at last confided to Mathews that he had made the copy himself. The painter invited Mathews to his studio, and showed him his last work, a copy of the "Cato" at last completed, "all but a few touches." I fancy the picture did not come into Mr. Mathew's possession then and there, as I have heard that he had to ask the painter's executors for it, who, however, admitted the claim and surrendered it. I believe that the picture was even then incomplete, and was finished by Harlowe, one of Lawrence's most successful pupils. It represents Kemble in the correct dress of a Roman senator, short white tunic and sandals. Although there are several other portraits of Kemble in the club—one as Hamlet, on his first appearance; as Cato, by Westall; as Penruddock, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, by Dewilde; also an unsigned "Coriolanus;" and a charming sketch by Harlowe from recollections of him in that part—perhaps the best idea of John Philip Kemble's manly beauty may be gained from the charming pencil sketch of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which hangs in the library, a pendant to one of Mrs. Siddons, by the same master's hand. A noted actress who was closely identified with John Kemble during his management of Covent Garden may be mentioned here. It was the engagement of Madame Catalini that led to the well-remembered O.P. riots, when prices were put up, as the gods erroneously thought, to pay the Italian singer an enormous salary.

A good portrait of Madame Catalini, presented by her son, hangs upon the staircase, by Lonsdale, a portrait painter whose manner was bold and masculine, and who must have had some keenness in discriminating character. Good examples are to be seen of him in the Garrick, especially his portraits of Charles Mathews and Frederick Yates.

Other members of the gifted Kemble family, all of whom took to the stage, but achieved lesser renown, are to be found in this collection. There is a full-length of Charles Kemble on the staircase, as Macbeth, a portrait of him as Hamlet, by Wyatt, and another as Charles II., by Briggs. Charles Kemble came next after his great brother, but at some distance. Macready called him "a first-rate actor of second rate parts." He was a fair Romeo, a passable Hamlet, good as Petruchio, Mercutio, Laertes, Cassio, and so forth. Leslie thought his Faulconbridge as perfect as the Coriolanus of his brother John. Lady Morgan writes, "Charles Kemble was the best of the whole stock—beautiful, graceful, gallant, and a very fine gentleman." His wife (Miss de Camp) was an excellent actress—a dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty, eloquent in face and frame; she had been a dancer, and her motion was music itself ere her voice was heard. Something of this may be seen in Dewilde's portrait of her as Patie, in *The Gentle Shepherd*. Stephen Kemble, another brother, long a strolling manager in the provinces, is here as Bajazet, by Dewilde. Stephen played Falstaff now and then with some success; he was so overgrown that his figure suited the part without artificial stuffing. The later generation of Kembles scarcely maintained the traditions of the family. Fanny made a hit, but gained no permanent reputation.

The Kemble epoch was distinguished by many other notable names. Through it George Frederick Cooke flourished, John Philip Kemble's great rival and competitor. Like Quin and Garrick, they played great parts alternately, but not for long, and they hated each other cordially. Cooke was cursed with the vice of intemperance, and when drunk, as was too frequently the case, he would rail violently against "Black Jack," Kemble's stage nickname. Cooke was great as Richard III., "the best since Garrick," says a contemporary. He was formed for the sarcastic, was an admirable Sir Giles Overreach, in which many thought him far superior to Kemble. There are many portraits of him in this collection: as Shylock, by Phillips, R.A.; as Kitely, by Singleton, R.A.; as Sir Archy McSarcasm and Richard III., both by Dewilde. Charles Young was another, whose Hamlet some said had never been equalled, and who was the next best actor to Kemble in tragedy. He is represented in the Garrick as Macbeth, in a somewhat slight portrait sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer. The boy Betty scarcely deserves to be mentioned with these great names, but for a time he was the rage and fashion, often drawing crowded houses in London while Kemble played to empty benches. Master

Betty was barely twelve when he made his début on the Belfast stage, and rather more than a year later he appeared as Barbarossa at Drury Lane, when "the divine boy" gained the most tremendous applause. He played everything—Rolla, Romeo, Hamlet, Young Norval; and it is in this last character that we have him at the Garrick in a full-length portrait, by Opie, hanging on the top of the staircase. Home, the author of *Douglas*, declared that Master Betty was the first actor who played the part according to his idea of the character when he conceived and wrote it. It is a pleasing and very striking portrait; the youthful figure with hand uplifted and flowing garments might be that of a boyish saint, some young John the Baptist in the wilderness.

The age was specially rich in comedians of every shade. Such names as those of Munden, Elliston, the two Bannisters, Quick, Snell, Emery, Lewis, Charles Mathews senior, may be mentioned in proof of this. Miss Farren, who became Countess of Derby, and whose fascinating face may be seen in the drawing-room, made her reputation in genteel comedy. She was especially good as Lady Teazle and Miss Hardcastle, and generally followed Mrs. Abington in the successful personation of ladies of quality. Dora Jordan again, so long intimately connected with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., gained her chief reputation in comedy. "A charming cordial actress," who pleased, nay bewitched, the public with the irresistible joyousness of her look, her laugh, her voice. She was a perfect Rosalind, but she also played Ophelia exquisitely. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought her greater than Mrs. Abington wherever she challenged comparison. Personally she was widely popular, an engaging, fascinating lady, always in good humour, even when spiteful enemies in derision called her "Duchess," or threatened to give her royal highness a howl or a hiss. Dewilde has painted her in *The Country Girl*, the part in which she made her London *début*. The picture is in the drawing-room, a pleasing figure; and there is another of Dewilde's pictures of her as Phœdra in *Amphitryon*. None of these are as good as that possessed by the Duke of Clarence himself, who plainly told Mathews, when showing it to him, that he hoped it was better than any in the actor's collection. There can be no doubt that the separation between his Royal Highness and Mrs. Jordan was a terrible wrench, forced upon the Duke in spite of himself, and always deeply regretted. He proved this when he became King by the honours he bestowed on Mrs. Jordan's children. Charles Bannister reaches back really to Garrick's time. He was strolling in the eastern counties, "doing all Mr. Garrick's business at fifteen shillings a week," in 1758, after which he came to town and joined Foote. He was strong in musical imitations, and had a charming voice, which was only good at night. "Neither I nor my voice can

get up in the morning," he had said to Foote when on his trial. He was full of jokes at all times, a happy-go-lucky, reckless *bon vivant*, very popular in society, "keeping much fine company," but perpetually in debt, often in jail. He would spend his last guinea on a bundle of asparagus or a couple of bottles of claret. The easy-going, out-at-elbows, but light-hearted gentleman, quite of the Micawber type, is admirably depicted in Zoffany's portrait of Charles Bannister in the stranger's dining-room. Jack Bannister, his son, was always devoted to his father, preferring his company to anyone's. As a boy, he would bring his father's salary straight from Garrick, by whom it was liberally paid, even when the actor was in a sponging-house. Jack, who began as a Royal Academy student, soon abandoned art for the stage. He was a *protégé* of Garrick's, who advised but scarcely encouraged him, telling him he might humbug the town as a tragedian, "but comedy is a serious thing, so don't try it yet." But Jack Bannister, to use his own expression, "soon laughed his tragedy out of fashion," and will always be remembered as a master of humorous acting, "a gloriously pleasant fellow," one who carried off the palm amongst performers of farce. We see him in the Garrick as Scout to Parsons's Sheepface in the *Village Lawyer*, in the title *rôle* of Sylvester Daggerwood, and as Lenitive in *The Prize*, one of Charles Mathews's great parts. We have portraits of Quick painted by Dupont, Dighton, and Dewilde. He was favourite comedian of George III., who began as a tragedian, then joined Foote, and was the original Tony Lumpkin, Acres, and Isaac Mendoza. It was said of Quick, a very vain man, that he believed in no living actor but himself. Lewis was "a matchless gentleman comedian," an ideal Mercutio, light and airy in his motions and voice; it was always sunshine with him. The great feature of his acting was his personal activity and amusing rapidity of speech. Whether sitting or standing, he was never for a moment at rest; and this perpetual motion kept spectators in a roar. Lewis is one of the trio in *Speculation*, by Zoffany, acting Tanjore to Quick's Alderman Arable, and Munden's Project.

Munden was a great actor, a splendid low comedian, whom Garrick first inspired to go upon the stage. Talfourd declares him to have been the greatest comedian he ever saw, with the richest and most peculiar vein of humour, and the most extensive range of character. He seems to have possessed the most extraordinary facial power. At rest the features were commonplace, but he could at will give them the strangest and most fantastic forms. Lamb said that "Munden alone literally makes faces; there is one face of Farley, another face of Knight, one (but what a one it is) of Liston, but Munden has none that you can properly pin down and call his." When playing with Jack Johnstone in *The Committee*, his grimaces were so irresistibly

comic that not only did the audience shriek with laughter, but Johnstone himself was almost too much convulsed to proceed. Jack Johnstone, "Irish" Johnstone, well known as Dennis Bulgruddery and the Sir Callagham O'Brallaghan of Sir Martin Shee's portrait, must not be confounded with Henry Johnston, of whom there is a fine full-length as Douglas by Singleton, R. A., on the staircase. We see Munden again, painted by Clint, in the wonderful scene from *Lock and Key;* Munden as old Brummagem imprisoned by the gout in an arm-chair, while Knight shows the key, and Fanny and Laura (Mrs. Alger and Miss Cubitt) look on disgusted from behind. Suett again, Dickie Suett, whose laugh, like a peal of giggles, "Ha! ha! oh! la!" is still remembered as infinitely diverting. He told stories incomparably; the good things he said were on every tongue. Emery, the great personator of Yorkshire characters, is to be seen here as Tyke, by Dewilde, in *The School for Reform.* He was an inimitable stage rustic, perfect in his representation of loutish cunning, a master of the Yorkshire dialect, excellently fitted with his stout frame and broad face for the parts he played. Elliston, the best Falstaff of his time, was also strong in Ranger and Young Absolute. He was a great favourite of George III., and had the Weymouth theatre for years. He was mad for management, having sometimes a dozen theatres on his hands. He thought himself a great orator, too, and was always making speeches. But fortune was not kind to him; his own dissipated tastes and his recklessness ruined him. Liston came somewhat later and survived longer. He was a first-rate "quiet" comedian, excelled in calm comedy, set spectators roaring without moving a muscle, and in time established such sympathy with his audience that he could take almost any liberties with them. There are several excellent pictures of Liston in the Garrick; one as Lubin Log in *Love, Law, and Physic,* which admirably renders his stolid, stupid surprise when Flexible, the lawyer, insists that black is white. "Shall a timber merchant dare contest with me in points of law?" says Flexible—a part that was amongst the most successful of the rich repertoire of the actor represented in this picture, Charles Mathews himself.

It is but natural that in a collection formed by Mr. Mathews he should figure frequently. There are many excellent portraits of him at the Garrick. Perhaps the most remarkable is Harlowe's canvas, which depicts him in four perfectly different and distinct characters. The picture hangs in the drawing-room near the door, just below the portrait of old Macklin, to whom, now nearing his dotage, Mathews when first stage-struck applied for advice. Harlowe's picture is in itself a convincing proof of Mathews's extraordinary versatile powers. The four characters are those of Fond Barney; the idiot newsvendor of York, another weak-minded simpleton catching a fly; Mr. Wiggins,

an extraordinary stout man, in the farce called *Mrs. Wiggins;* and Mathews himself in ordinary day dress. There is another admirable portrait by Clint, A.R.A., of Liston and Mathews together in *The Village Lawyer*, the former as Sheepface, the latter as Scout—a performance of which Mrs. Mathews records that when first so played it took Mr. Mathews quite by surprise. Till then Liston had impressed them with a sense of his inveterate gravity both on and off the stage; but as Sheepface he amazed Mathews, and made him laugh so hugely that he was hardly able to go on with his part intelligibly. Charles Mathews was also painted repeatedly by Dewilde, as Somno, Sir Fretful Plagiary, Buskin, Caleb Quotem, always with the Dutch-like precision and completeness that was Dewilde's greatest charm. There is an excellent portrait of him by Lonsdale, and an amusing character study of him as the old Scotch Lady, by Chalon, R.A. We see in these pictures the long, unnaturally thin form, the mouth that was little better than "a hole in the cheek," the marvellous mastery over "make up," the power almost unrivalled that Mathews possessed of completely metamorphosing himself a hundred times over. The tricks he so long played most intimate friends by personating "Mr. Pennyman," quite without detection, is one of the most numerous episodes of his gay memoirs.

It has been impossible to do full justice to the merits of this remarkable collection within the limits of this paper. There are scores of excellent portraits by Dewilde, who devoted himself exclusively through a long life to theatrical portraiture, but to catalogue these adequately would fill many pages. My account, however, would be lamentably incomplete did I not inlude some reference to the later lights of the stage. Unfortunately for the collection it contains only one portrait of Kemble's great successor, Edmund Kean. This is a small portrait of the eminent tragedian in the incongruous attire of a Red Indian. Kean, towards the end of his career, visited the States and Canada. While at Quebec his audience once included a number of Huron chiefs, who later expressed a wish to elect him as one of their tribe, and he was formally initiated as a chief under the name of Altenaida—an honour which, it is said, aroused the highest enthusiasm in him, so much so that he at one time contemplated retiring to the backwoods in search of perfect peace instead of returning to Drury Lane. There are one or two portraits of Macready, but none good. One of James Wallack, a follower of Kemble's in day dress, and a large portrait, an excellent likeness of Charles Kean as Louis XI., with bowed figure, hat in hand. There is a fine full-length portrait of Miss O'Neill, by Joseph, A.R.A., a grand figure in classical costume, draped in white against a storm cloud, and wearing a brilliant crimson tunic which preserves the handsome features of this handsome engaging creature. Miss O'Neill followed Mrs.

Siddons at no great distance, as the latter was waning, and achieved great success. She revived the splendid traditions of Mrs. Siddons as Juliet, Belvidera, and Mrs. Haller. She retired from public life on her marriage with Sir Wrixon Beecher, and died about a dozen years ago at a very advanced age.

I trust some idea, however imperfect and inadequate, may now have been conveyed of the character and intrinsic value of this collection. Although rich in many kinds of art, its chief wealth, as will be seen, lies in the theatrical portraiture, in the lifelike presentment of famous actors in famous parts. Those amongst us who appreciate the dramatic art may see upon the walls of the Garrick, if privileged to enter the club, the notabilities that were so closely associated with the early triumphs and greatest traditions of the British stage. It may be doubted whether coming generations will be equally fortunate, whether the present lights of the dramatic profession will be brought as vividly before our descendants as we have had handed down to us those of the past. In our times, whatever the cause, possibly from the pernicious development of photography, the lineaments and attitudes of our principal public favourites are not being generally preserved through the only lasting mediums of oil and stone. For one theatrical portrait painted now-a-days, there were hundreds and hundreds a century ago. The most famous artists gladly used their brush for the purpose, while many, talented and widely esteemed, gladly devoted themselves almost exclusively to this branch of art. It is but seldom that our eminent living actors sit, and when they do it is mostly in daily ordinary guise, rarely in their most ambitious or most successful parts. Thus the Garrick club possesses an admirable portrait of Mr. Henry Irving, in a frock coat, painted and presented by Sir John Millais. This truthful and felicitous portrayal of the eminent actor has lately been on view and generally admired at the Grosvenor Gallery, with the rest of Millais's collected works. The club, too, possesses a commendable portrait of the veteran Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey, in scarlet robes, painted by the versatile hand of Mr. Forbes Robertson, a very pleasing and popular actor. There is also an ambitious work, Mr. Henry Neville as Count Almaviva, by Mr. W. John Walton; and the features of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are preserved in marble statuettes, the work of that clever sculptor, Count Gleichen. But these are about all the theatrical portraits of contemporaries in the Garrick Club. Nor outside of it, in the world of art, is there much activity of a kind that would promise to supply material for some future collector of the elder Mathews type.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

Since the publication of the *Bibliography* of the *Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, in April, 1884, the Compiler has endeavored to keep his own copy of the book as nearly perfect as possible, by manuscript additions of any new or hitherto undiscovered titles. As there is no probability that a second edition of the *Bibliography* will ever be issued, a literal transcript of the additions is given herewith for the information of those who are interested in the subject.

The first six — fractional titles from 20½ to 254½ — are numbered according to their chronological place in the printed *Bibliography*. The others are of a date subsequent to its publication.

If this list had been originally prepared for the press, a few of the unimportant titles would have been omitted, and a more perfect chronological order adopted. But a revisal or re-arrangement was difficult, and has not been attempted.

The general tenor of each article is indicated as in the original *Bibliography*: *pro-sh.* for Shakespeare; *anti-sh.* against Shakespeare; *unc.* unclassified.

The Compilor will be obliged for any information as to errors or omitted titles.

W. H. Wyman.

Walnut Hill.
Cincinnati.

20½ Contemporary Notices of Shakespeare. In the *British Quarterly Review*, London, for July, 1857, pp. 41, (159 to 209.) *Pro-Sh.*

This is a valuable article, not brought to notice at the time of the compilation of the Bibliography. Taking Miss Bacon's book as a text — one page only being devoted to a notice of the work — the writer devotes the other fifty pages to a very complete compilation of the contemporary notices of Shakespeare.

These notices are numbered from one to one hundred and thirteen, in chronological order, commencing with the entry of baptism, and including a mention of the well-known facts of Shakespeare's life, and the publication of the plays and poems. It includes also all known contemporary mention, with many extracts.

22½ Bacon, sa vie, son temps, sa philosophie, et son influence jusqu'a nos jours. Par Charles de Remusat. Paris: Didier et cie. 1857. 12 mo. pp 464. *Pro-Sh.*

The only reference to this question in M. de Remusat's book is found on pages 158-9. We give a short translation:

"With a little talent for versification, he [Bacon] might have made of his ingenious interpretations of mythology some beautiful pictures. His historical readings have a certain merit of narration; his political writings are those of a superior man. But it is especially the reflections which he scatters through his works, which, by the form as much as by the matter, show the originality of the great writer. Some people have thought they discovered in his general manner of considering and describing the affairs of men, something which recalled Shakespeare; or rather it is Shakespeare who, affected by reading Bacon's Essays, has perhaps unintentionally reproduced some features in his incomparable scenes. . . . . This it is, then, which was the origin of the strange idea of attributing to Bacon the writings of Shakespeare. It would certainly be giving to the first too much honor, and we should have to admire the modesty or the negligence of him who, after having written the *Novum Organum*, would have left the world in ignorance of the fact that the same hand had written *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and that the discoverer of new scientific methods was the poet of *Romeo* and *Juliet*."

"But we have seen in the valuable library of M. Cousin the only copy of the Essays which is said to have belonged to Shakespeare. His name can yet be read, written by his own hand, and we conclude that the dramatic poet, none of whose pieces had appeared before the printing of the Essays, had learned to think after the manner of the school of Bacon, although Bacon, in his disdainful silence, appeared to have ignored the most glorious of his contemporaries."

The last paragraph would be of great interest if it were not a manifest error. An intimation that there is in existence a copy of Bacon's Essays containing an autograph of Shakespeare will be news to the Shakespearian world.

49½ Who Wrote Shakespeare? By George Fred'k Holmes, of Virginia. In *De Bow's Review*, Nashville, Tenn., for February, 1868. pp. 22. *Pro-Sh.*

One of the earlier important papers of the controversy, not discovered in time for the Bibliography. The article occupies twenty-one pages in a general review of the subject, in answer to Miss Bacon and Judge Holmes:

"It is perfectly legitimate, however, to observe that it is wholly inexplicable, if Shakespeare did not write the works ascribed to him, that nowhere should any suspicion of the public error, or any intimation of the borrowed plumes he furnished in the copious array of notices extending over a period of forty years during the lives of his associates.

* * * * * * * *

"There is continual repetition in the Baconian works, there is frequent repetition in the works of Shakespeare; but there is no exchange of thought, sentiment or phrase between Bacon and Shakespeare. . . . . Unquestionably, Miss Delia Bacon and Judge Holmes have multiplied indefinitely the supposed parallelisms — but they are the discoveries of an overstrained, a diseased, and a fantastic perspicacity. We will not say that there is no consilience of sentiment in any of the passages adduced by them — we will only say that there is no identity. The argument is in the main imaginary; when not imaginary it is latent, unconscious, implicit. The employment of the same word in the same or in a different connection is considered sufficient indication of unity of authorship."

154½ The Shakespearean Question. By W. F. Q. [W. F. Quicksell.] In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. I, Nov. 26, 1881, 3 columns. II, Dec. 3, 1881, 2½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"To sum up the evidence, it will be seen that beyond the meagre tradition of Aubrey very little data of William Shakespeare can be produced; that the so-called portraits of Shakespeare are very dissimilar, each one from the other, and the Shakespearians themselves unable to determine which one they will pronounce legitimate; that on the records of the Stationers' Company William Shakespeare's name is not found; and as to the plays themselves, apart from any tradition, the internal evidence is against his authorship. So that if "Stratford Will" wrote these dramas, then skepticism must forever take its flight, for so surely as the Bible was inspired, so surely must *his* pen have been guided by the same divine afflatus. Nothing less than a miracle will account for such a production from such a source, but as Mr. Morgan justly observes, "All things being equal, the supposition is against miracles." . . . . . Shall we, then, lose a good manager in attempting to construct a great author? If so, Pallas kneels to the sock and buskin, and the stage creates William Shakespeare."

155½ Was Shakespeare Shakespeare? By W. V. W. [W. V. S. Wilson.] In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. Dec. 10, 1881. 2½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This is in answer to the preceding article, (title 154½.)

"The miracle, if any there be, in the production of the plays of Shakespeare is not that he should have written them, but that *any one* should. Yet they all bear the stamp of individuality, which precludes the supposition of their being the joint work of several minds. Neither Bacon, nor Raleigh, nor any other of the learned and brilliant thinkers of the Elizabethan age would have hesitated to claim the authorship of these works, could they honestly have done so. Yet no such claim was made then, or by them. . . . . But why attempt to assign to men whose works and whose lives were and are so well known, works which, if they wrote them, would argue that they were inditing and publishing anonymously, or under a *nom de plume*, or another man's name, the crowning effort of their lives, while giving to the inferior productions the sanction of their own."

254½ Der Shakespeare Mythus. Von Otfrid Mylius. [Dr. Karl Müller.] In the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Stuttgard, March 15, 1884. 2 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

A translation of this will be found in the pamphlet noticed under Title 257.

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256 Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, with Notes and Extracts. By W. H. Wyman. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson, 1884. 8 vo. pp. 124. *Unc.*

In this edition of the Bibliography, there are two hundred and fifty-five titles, all that were ascertained up to the time of publication. It includes not only all the books on the subject, but the more important magazines and newspaper articles. Of these, there are: For Shakespeare, one hundred and seventeen; Against Shakespeare, seventy-three; Unclassified, sixty-five—the last including all articles which for any reason cannot be classified as For or Against.

257 "The Shakespeare Myth." An article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of March 15, 1884. Translated from the German of Otfrid Mylius. [Dr. Karl Müller.] London: pamphlet, 12 mo. pp. 8. (A translation of title 254½.) *Anti-Sh.*

This is a short account of the history of the controversy, including an answer to Dr. Engel's pamphlet, title 236; but is mainly a review of Mr. Morgan's Myth, which the author was then translating into German. Speaking of Shakespeare:

"His education and circumstances made the latter [the authorship] an absolute impossibility, for the ingrain knowledge of all manner of science comes, not from genius, like ideas or sparkling thoughts; such knowledge is the result of years of assiduous study; and even contemporaries *did not recognize Shakespeare as the author of those plays*, as all evidence of that and of the succeeding time clearly proves. He never announced himself as the author, nor claimed to be so." . . . "But the question is now not only brought forward, it is in full flood, and in a very short time all German men of learning will awake to the great interest of the subject, and will sympathize with the inquiry."

258 Shakespeariana. [By R. M. Theobald.] In the *Nonconformist and Independent*, London, March 13, 1884. 2 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

The writer notices several Baconian publications in *Shakespeariana*, and commends the periodical for its independence in allowing a free discussion of the subject — something, he claims, that would be impossible in England.

259 Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare? *32 Reasons* for believing that he did. By the editor of Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies." [Mrs. Henry Pott.] London: W. H. Guest & Co. 12mo. pp. 28. *Anti-Sh.*

Mrs. Pott gives in this pamphlet a very compact and circumstantial statement of the reasons for her belief. Of the 32 reasons we can give only one, perhaps the most interesting, and the least known of the lot. She quotes it as "documentary evidence of the supreme position which Bacon occupied in the estimation of the poets of his time."

"(7) That Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir John Davis, Fulke Greville, the Earls of Surrey and Essex, and many others of the wits and poets of the day, were also amongst Bacon's personal friends and acquaintances, and that they acknowledged him to be supreme amongst them. In a curious book, of which the author is uncertain (printed 1645), a description is given of "*The Great Assises holden in Parnassus by Apollo and his Assessours.*" Apollo sits on the top of Parnassus, "The Lord Verulam, Chancellor of Parnassus," next below him, then the names of twenty-five writers and poets; then 26th, and only as a juror, "William Shakespeare," the last but one on the whole list."

260 Bacon. By R. W. Church, New York: Harper & Bro., 1884. *Pro-Sh.*

Dean Church has only this reference, to the question, on page 163:

"So he [Bacon] died; the brightest, richest, largest, mind but one, in the age which had seen Shakespeare and his fellows; so bright and rich and large that there have been found those who identify him with the writer of *Hamlet* and

Othello. That is idle. Bacon could no more have written the plays than Shakespeare could have prophesied the triumphs of natural philosophy."

261 Mr. Wyman's Baco-Shakespearian Bibliography and Dean Church's Bacon. A review in the *Pioneer-Press*, St. Paul, Minn., May 11, 1884. By [Appleton Morgan,] 1½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"Thanks to Mr. Wyman on this side, and Dean Church on the other side, we have here in compact and reference form—so grateful in this age of 40,000 books per annum—all the material necessary to decide just how far goes our indebtedness to this wonderful life. . . . . The Baconians will always believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays and poems. The Shakespearians will always think them crazy, and the editorialists will always think that theirs is the only possible compromise, if compromise be needed, between the two positivists factions."

262 Bacon-Shakespeare. [By E. A. Calkins.] In the *Evening Journal*, Chicago, May 24, 1884. 1¼ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

"There is as much testimony to prove that Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* and *Othello* as there is to prove that Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum* and the *Essays* which bear his name. But the study is still an interesting one, and cranky scholars will pursue it and write on the subject, probably to the crack of doom."

263 William Shakespeare and Mr. Francis Bacon's Scrap Books. By Appleton Morgan. In the *American Monthly*, Chicago, for June, 1884. 12 pages (229 to 240.) *Anti-Sh.*

The Scrap Books alluded to by Mr. Morgan are the MSS. known as the *Promus*, (title 187) and the Northumberland MS. (title 52). The author, while not considering these papers as proof of the Baconian theory, argues that they are entitled to consideration. While not himself a Baconian, or an exponent of that theory, he can see no reason why the Shakespearians should be willing to allow to so many of the authors of the time a hand in the prize, and reject only Bacon's, unless it is because he is so formidable a rival as to make them fear the discussion.

264 Bacon's "Promus" and Shakespeare. [By R. M. Theobald.] A letter to the editor of the *Nonconformist and Independent*, London. Dated Blackheath, Jan'y 29, 1883. *Anti-Sh.*

An example of the intolerance on the part of the English periodicals complained of by the author. Being refused an insertion in the *Nonconformist*, he prints it for private circulation.

Under the head of *Recent Shakespearian Criticism*, Mr. Theobald subsequently wrote a very favorable notice of Mrs. Pott's "32 Reasons" pamphlet. It appeared in the Norfolk (Eng.) *News*, of May 17, 1884.

265 The Fairies of "The Midsummer Night's Dream." By Mrs. Henry Pott. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for April, 1884. *Anti-Sh.*

"Those who, like the present writer, claim for Francis Bacon the authorship of

the plays of Shakespeare, will remember how he tells us that no one can "invent" (or imagine) that of which he has no knowledge, and that all invention comes from memory. We may, therefore, fairly be challenged to point out from what memories or stores of knowledge Francis Bacon drew his invention of fairies? We do not hesitate to say that he drew them in the first instance from his study of the *History of the Winds*. It is the study which appears most conspicuously in connection with the fairy world of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*."

Mrs. Pott illustrates this idea by a comparison of passages in Bacon's work and the play.

266 Review of Bacon-Shakespeare Bibliography. By Joseph Crosby. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for June, 1884. 1 page. *Pro-Sh.*

"They [the Shakespearians] see that Shakespeare had the same rights of possession that scores of other authors of his time, and before and since, possess; indeed all the rights that might naturally be looked for under the circumstances in which he lived and wrote; that the same wild doubts and conjectures, the same ruthless tramping upon testimony and tradition would rob Chaucer, or Spenser, or Milton, or even Scott or Dickens of their own productions."

267 Bacon and Shakespeare, — William Shakespeare: His Position as Regards the Plays, etc. By William Henry Smith. London: Skeffington & Son, 1884. Pamphlet, pp. 38. Appendix pp. ix. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Smith is the author of the Letter to Lord Ellesmere in 1856 (title 6) and it was then a mooted question as to whether he or Delia Bacon first brought the claims of Lord Bacon to the public notice — a point decided in favor of Miss Bacon. After a silence of many years, he re-appears in this pamphlet. He reaffirms his opinions, and the pamphlet consists mainly of cumulative evidence to sustain them. The following statement as to the early mention of a doubt as to the authorship is extremely interesting:

"In Mr. Disraeli's—the late Lord Beaconsfield's novel *Venetia*, published in 1837, Book 6, c. 8, Cadurcis is made to say:"

"And who is Shakespeare? We know as much of him as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he write a single whole play? I doubt it. He appears to me to have been an inspired adapter for the theatres, which were then as good as barns. I take him to have been a botcher up of old plays. His popularity is of modern date, and may not last; it would have surprised him marvelously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired; and a regular Shakespearian falls into ecstacies with trash that deserves a niche in the Dunciad. For my part, I abhor your irregular geniuses, and I love to listen to the little nightingale of Twickenham."

Lord Cadurcis, who is made responsible for these sentiments, is Disraeli's ideal of Lord Byron.

"The story is shaped upon the character of Lord Byron, and some of the familiar events of his life. He figures here, as in his own poems, as the hero of the piece, and is introduced as Lord Cadurcis, ... whilst Miss Chaworth, somewhat metamorphosed, appears as Venetia Herbert."

268 The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. By A. Flexner In the *Current*, Chicago. I, July 26, 1884, 1½ columns. II, August 2, 1884, 1¼ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

"The profession in which he [Shakespeare] was engaged was low in the scale of social consideration, and though we have convincing evidence that as a playwright he was popular above all his contemporaries, it was as playwright, not as dramatist in the signification in which we now use the word, that he was regarded. . . . . His dramas were viewed by both himself and his audiences as transitory affairs; for he wrote in obedience to public taste and solely for pecuniary purposes. But "he builded better than he knew."

269 NASMYTH THE ENGINEER AND SHAKESPEARE. In the *North British*, Glasgow, Scotland, for July 14, 1884. (Mention of Nasmyth's opinion only.) *Anti-Sh.*

"Mr. Nasmyth, the celebrated engineer, avowed his sympathy with the notion that Bacon was really the author of Shakespeare's plays."

Nasmyth's opinion is also referred to in Henry Seville's Diary, 2d Series, 1884, pp. 392–3, in which he is opposed in a discussion of the subject by Rev. Mr. Gaskell of Manchester.

270 A NEW STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE: An Inquiry into the connection of the plays and poems, with the origin of the Classical Drama, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries. Anonymous. [By W. C. F. WIGSTON.] London: Trübner & Co. n. d. [1884] pp. 372. *Anti-Sh.*

The *Saturday Review* (London) July 26, 1884, says of this book:

"The anonymous *New Study of Shakespeare* which lies before us has come just too late for Mr. Wyman's Bibliography. It is rhetorical and discursive; but its points may be very shortly summed up. The proof is of this kind. The author of Shakespeare's plays and poems was (by clear internal evidence) a Platonist and a Mystic. Therefore Bacon either wrote Shakespeare or had a great hand in it. If anybody can accept these premises, we certainly do not see anything to prevent him from accepting the conclusion, which is worked out with infinite rhapsodies about Adonis, Dionysius, and Logos."

271 SHAKESPEARIANA AND ANTI-SHAKESPEARIANA. In the *Saturday Review*, London, July 26, 1884. 1½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A review of the Bibliography, and of the anonymous *New Study of Shakespeare*. An extract from it will be found under the preceding title.

272 BIBLIOGRAPHY OF A CONTROVERSY. In the *Republic*, Washington, D. C. August 17, 1884. By W. V. W. [W. V. S. WILSON.] 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Taking the Bibliography as a text, the writer gives a summary of the principal articles in the controversy.

273 A HISTORY OF THE SHAKESPEAREAN TEXT FROM 1623 TO OUR OWN TIMES. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *American Monthly*, Chicago. I, TO THE RESTORATION. August, 1884, pp. 8. II, *Dryden and Davenant*, October, 1884, pp. 8. *Anti-Sh.*

In these papers Mr. Morgan refers only incidentally to the Baconian theory,

and principally to the possible connection of Bacon and Ben Jonson with the editing of the first folio.

274 A TANGLED SKEIN UNRAVELLED, OR THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. By Dr. CHARLES MACKAY. In the *Nineteenth Century*, London, for August, 1884. pp. 25. *Pro-Sh.*

This article is devoted entirely to the authorship of the Sonnets, and is only of collateral interest in connection with this subject.

275 WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? An article in the Cambridge (Eng.) *Meteor* (Cambridge University,) June 8, 1882, pp. 2. *Pro-Sh.*

This is a humorous "take off," in the style of the *Chambers' Journal* paper — the idea being that the subject is set down for treatment by the Cambridge Dons, and an undergraduate attempts the exercise.

276 DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE. Alleged proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. A Secret Cipher and its Key. Outline of the new book to be issued by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly. In the *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 7, 1884. ½ column. *Anti-Sh.*

The first announcement of the discovery of "the Cipher" by Mr. Donnelly. Its character will be described under subsequent titles.

277 SHAKESPEARE AND BACON. The Circumstantial Evidences which Mr. Donnelly's Discovery must overthrow. By A. R. CAZAURAN. In the *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis, Sept. 13, 1884. 1 column. *Pro-Sh.*

"If Mr. Donnelly has made such a discovery, and is not self-deceived therein, he has upset such a body of circumstantial evidence as never before aggregated around a literary question — not even about that of the authorship of *Junius*.

278 WHAT LURKS BEHIND SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS? By WALT WHITMAN. In the *Critic*, New York, Sept. 27, 1884. 1½ columns. *Anti-Sh.*

"The summary of my suggestion would be, therefore, that while the more the rich and tangled jungle of the Shakespearian era is traversed and studied, and the more baffled and mixed, as so far appears, becomes the exploring student (who at last surmises everything and becomes certain of nothing), it is possible a future age of criticism, diving deeper, mapping the lines and land freer, completer than hitherto, may discover in the plays named the scientific (Baconian?) inauguration of modern Democracy — furnishing realistic and first-class artistic portraitures of the mediæval world, the feudal personalities, institutes, in their morbid accumulations, deposits, upon politics and sociology — may penetrate to the hard-pan, far down and back of the ostent of to-day, on which (and on which only) the progression of the last two centuries has built this democracy which now holds secure lodgment over the whole civilized world. . . . . Whether such was the unconscious, or, (as I think likely) the more or less conscious, purpose of him who fashioned these marvellous architectonics, is a secondary question."

279 BACON'S STUDIES OF THE HISTORY OF THE WINDS REFLECTED IN THE PLAY OF THE TEMPEST. By MRS. HENRY POTT. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for Sept. 1884, pp. 4.
Anti-Sh.

The scope of this article is fully expressed in the title. Mrs. Pott, in support of her theory, claims many parallelisms between Bacon's *History of the Winds* and the play.

280 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE MYTH. In the *Western Bookseller*, Chicago, for October, 1884. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This includes a notice of the announcement of Mr. Donnelly's Discoveries.
(*To be continued.*)

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

HAMLET, III, ii, 416, 417.

How in my words soever she be shent
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

What is meant by "seals?" Hudson says "the allusion is to the reading of a deed to make it effective," and Furness, Knight and Rolfe seem to have about the same idea.

I submit this, as better—no matter how much she may be hurt, punished, wounded by my *words*, my soul must never consent that my mouth be closed and my words sealed up—or in other words, I will continue to give her a "tongue lashing" and there shall be no bars, no stops, no *seals* put on my words. And there are no nals, no stops, for further on he lashes her most unmercifully.

The player who takes the Ghost's part usually speaks in a *heavy monotone*. Why should he? Why should he not speak in the same tone of voice, and with the same modulations, as when on earth the first time?

In SHAKESPEARIANA Vol. 1, p. 125, I queried as to "single bond." In the October, 1885, number Mr. Morgan seems to agree with me, but he speaks of "a bond without a condition" as equivalent to a bond "without a penalty." I know he is not a lawyer, only a Baconian, but his estimate of the *wronged Shylock* and the *rascally Portia* is just right, and I'll undertake to prove it to the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA if you will let me. There is no "strange misappreciation of Portia" on his part.

AN ENQUIRER.

HAMLET, IV, v. 101.

—young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord:
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, *custom* not known,
The ratifiers and props of every *weal*,
They cry 'Choose *we;* Laertes *shall be king.*'

The above reading is illustrated by *Richard II:* II, i, 196,—

Take Hereford's *rights* away, and *take from Time*
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; *for how art thou a king*
But by fair sequence and succession?

3 *Henry VI:* III, iii, 93,—

You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly *time*
To make *prescription* for a *kingdom's* worth.

Hamlet, V, ii, 400,—

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some *rights of memory in this kingdom*,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me,

i.e. some *traditional* rights *to* this kingdom. *Coriolanus*, II, iii, 89,—

He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your *liberties and the charters* that you bear
I' the body of the *weal.*

Macbeth, III, iv. 76,—

Blood hath been shed i' *the olden time*,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal.

The spirit of the passage is best given in the speech of Ulysses, *Troilus & Cressida*, I, iii,—

The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order;———
But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, *what mutiny*, etc.,—
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! .
How could commanders,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, *crowns*, *sceptres*, *laurels*,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! etc.———
Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

"*This chaos*," come again, illustrates the line,—

And as the world were now but to begin.

The old editions have,—

The ratifiers and props of every *word*.

The correction is by Johnson. Nares, *Gloss.* ed. 1876, gives "*Word*" —*name*—citing from a letter of W. Cecill,— "I forgot my newe *word* William Burleigh." Shakespeare uses *word* in the same sense, *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii, 911:

Cuckoo, cuckoo,— O *word* of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear!

explained by *Merry Wives*, II. i:

Pist. Odious is the *name!*
Ford. What *name*, sir?
Pist. Take heed, ere summer comes, or *cuckoo*-birds do sing.

and *Much Ado*, III. ii. 114:—

Claud. Disloyal?
D. John. The *word* is too good to paint her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse *title*, and I will fit it to her.

So *by-word* and *by-name* are equivalents. See Drayton. *Heroic Ep. to Duke Humphrey*,—

And she must recapitulate my shame,
And give a thousand *by-words* to my *name*.

Holland, *Plutarch*, p. 170:

Insomuch as he got himself a *by-name*, and every man called him Epaminondas.

It has been attempted to explain "*word*" in the present passage, as the equivalent of *title*, in a sense other than *name*, but on no authority, Schmidt. (*Sh. Lex.*) gives the explanation "*watch-word*— Shibboleth of the multitude."

B. G. Kinnear.

THE DRAMA.

Booth, Modjeska and Mary Anderson, with a helping hand here and there from Laurence Barrett and Margaret Mather, have done all there has been doing in the great drama of late in the chief eastern cities of the United States. Here, in Philadelphia, Mr. Booth's engagement at the Opera House ending March 13th, is the last Shakespearian event since Mme. Modjeska played the foregoing month, refining every scene her influence touched and pervading the whole play with her womanly grace of mind and body. She triumphs always in spite of her half-whole English (it would not be fair to call it broken English) over those who do not like her accent, and because of it, over those who see in it one fascinating cause the more to like her delicate art as her careful linkedly pronounced speech bewrayeth it.

Miss Mary Anderson had preceded her at the Opera House in many of the same parts. She took precedence of her in crowd and income too. But the comparison, to my mind,—especially in *As You Like It*,—only went to show, again, how the majority are always wrong in matters of taste. One scene alone,—the swoon, when Oliver brings Orlando's napkin

> Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
> That he in sport doth call his Rosalind,

and the faint-hearted recovery of her wits when she prays Oliver to tell his brother how well she counterfeited,—this scene, alone, yields a volume of pretty comparisons all pleasant to dwell upon, but all favorable, I think, to Modjeska's higher skill and truer discernment, and all summed up in this, that Miss Anderson's great freshness and beauty, accompanied as it is with a certain stiff and awkward callowness, can not hold the soul as it is held by the experienced riper and subtler charm of the elder actress. On the other hand there was a "go" and a something not coarse, but coarser, in the Anderson version of this scene that seemed fitted to commend it more to the average society audience.

Just before Miss Anderson went to England I remember I made a similar comparison between her and Mme. Modjeska's Juliet. Then, too, they played here in the Chestnut St. Opera House the one after

the other. But then the superior crowd and the bigger income did not lie at Miss Anderson's feet. On the contrary.

Now Miss Anderson has not improved enough — though she has improved — to make this difference. Therefore I attribute it to English honors and the "Royal touch." The wonders the "Royal touch" can work here, and now, thus evidenced, remains as a curious degenerate survival of the loyal old belief in the cures a king could work.

* * *

To return to Booth. Watching him play crooked King Richard the other night it occurred to me that the old phrase "A bright, particular star" might be construed to suit him with a difference. He is a bright star, but he certainly is not a particular one. The adulterated play, a text of shreds and patches, the half-studied company, his own carelessness that seems to do its utmost in vain to obscure his own greatness, all goes to exhibit him as the least particular actor on the stage.

One of the newspapers had announced that the text of *Richard III.* Booth and his company would use, would not be the garbled, incoherent version of Colley Cibber but the play as Shakespeare pronounced it to us. A piece of gratuitous lying on somebody's part it proved, for a jerkier, more unwhole and unsound drama, precisely according to Cibber, could not have been found than this in which the actor appeared.

Good luck, as well as acquaintance with grief, may have hardened Booth in this artistic obtuseness. Last year he played only sixteen weeks and in but four cities, and yet this easy-going star earned in those sixteen weeks between $60,000 and $70,000. During his recent engagement in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre his Saturday matinees beat the *Mikado* average there by $200.

It is a comfort to hear that Mr. Lawrence Barrett — who has some artistic conscience — will engineer Booth's farewell to the boards next winter. Booth will play then a long season of thirty or forty weeks traveling beyond the Atlantic States, to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, and as far as San Francisco. And if Mr. Barrett only proves particular enough in the management of this bright star Mr. Booth's farewell to the stage he adorns will be a phenomenally marked and brilliant event.

The lion's share of the booty this expedition brings will fall to Mr. Booth. His customary tax on gross receipts is said to be one half. But if Mr. Barrett sees to it that the play has a value as a whole, if Booth is not the only palatable ingredient in the dish he serves, I believe his audiences would eat with a coming appetite, and the dollars pile up the faster at the box-office.

Thirty-seven years ago Booth's golden honors were all unknown. And how uncertain must have seemed the sure event of his success when a fourteen-year old boy he stood as Tressel before his father's Richard on that night of his first appearance at the old Boston Theatre. Not until he was twenty-four did he make an entrance marked by such brilliancy and force that it might stand as an earnest of the strong course he has run since. Then, also, the play was *Richard III.*, but then he took his father's place and held it, marking his representation with that acute power of mind and irrefragable massiveness of will which makes the smiling white-eyed villain of the play at once so irresistibly successful in cutting his way to the throne, and so fascinating, in spite of his abnormal ugliness, in the eyes of tender-hearted audiences. There are points of skill in Booth's Richard III. which have never been outdone. His Richard, like his Macbeth, is peculiarly his own characterization. A characterization I believe his audiences approve so far that they can not say where they would have it altered. So much can not be said of his Hamlet. Fine as it is, finely read and delicately felt, it is always unsatisfactory. An uneasy sense of criticism distracts the attention while it tries to follow religiously the conception of the part he gives. I have said his Macbeth like his Richard fills up your measure of it with content. It does more, it tops it with enthusiasm. The intellectual and clear incisive tones and touches,—that make up this brave soldier, credulous, cowardly and desperate, live and move onward to his fate-appointed ruin before your piteous eyes,—these strokes are such as signalize the best and most congenial work of a master in his masterpart.

* * *

To see Booth as Iago to Salvini's Othello would be to catch the utmost inspiration the great play can give; to enter at one view upon a whole where part may answer to part without contradiction or prejudice; where glory may add to glory. Does support support? It ought to be a pleasure to both actors to feel that for once it may. It surely will be to the public when it avails itself of this rare privilege, to be offered it in May at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Then will "the winter of our discontent" change to "glorious summer," and the dramatic season close with brilliancy enough to augur no mean beginning, showing poorly by contrast with the old year's bright ending, for the new year of '86–'87.

There will be four performances given in Philadelphia by the Booth-Salvini management, beginning May 3rd, at the Academy of Music. *Othello* will be played twice, one night Salvini will play Othello to Booth's Iago, on the other night Booth will play the Moor, and Salvini the wily Venetian. Young Alexander Salvini will appear as Cassio. In *Lear* and *Hamlet* Salvini will take the Kings' parts, Booth those of Edmund and of Hamlet.

Miss Marie Wainright and Messrs. Louis Aldrich and Louis James are among the company engaged. It is said that J. T. Raymond, the "American Senator," will essay the humorous quips of the first grave-digger in *Hamlet* and that "Adonis" Dixey has been asked to assume the grave-digger's part in New York, where the same four performances will be given. Boston will be honoured like her sister cities with four of these notable representations, while Washington and Baltimore will each have one night accorded them.

* * *

Mme. Modjeska brought out *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* at the Globe Theatre in Boston on the night of the 11th of March. This play had not been represented in this country since it was given at Ford's Theatre in Washington twenty-three years ago, although Mme. Modjeska had announced it for October 20th in St. Louis. The Society of Dramatic Students gave it at the Vandeville Theatre, London, on the 19th of June last year, where it had not been seen there since Davenport opened the Olymphic Theatre thirty years before. And the latest production elsewere of this often-neglected play was in Ceylon where native actors gave it from a translation by a wealthy Ceylon citizen

* * *

Miss Adelaide Moore played in *As You Like It* Monday night the 8th March at the Criterion Theatre Brooklyn She is said to read her lines intelligently and to be well-trained in stage business. The company that supports her like the usual supporting company, does not support Shakespeare as well as the long-suffering audience does.

* * *

John McCullough's body will rest at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, a lot in the Cemetery thirty feet square has been presented by the trustees and accepted by Mrs. McCullough. The trustees will also defray the expense of masonry for a vault and a circular drive around the plot. The public monument to the late tragedian will be erected as already determined on, in Fairmount Park.

A theatrical performance will be given in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on the 15th of April in order to increase the fund for erecting this monument. All the city theatres will contribute to the programme, and several actors will come on from New York to add their services. It is proposed to erect a memorial figure, heroic size, in bronze, of McCullough in the character of Virginius. Mme Modjeska, who holds McCullough in loving and grateful memory as her guide and friend, is said to approve the plan with all her heart. In earnest of which she will give a performance, for the fund, appearing as Adrienne Lecouvreur, the

part which introduced her, here in America and which she played first in McCullough's own theatre and under his direction.

FOREIGN NOTES.

"Zat is ze question," I will venture to say is a bit of Shakespeare everywhere known in Paris. It rolls off the glib Gallic tongue oftener than any other English quotation except only those curiously selected phrases smacking strongly of the turf the French sportsman has caught from "milord Anglais." And perhaps the whole soliloquy anent suicide is more generally known than any other Shakespearian speech. *Hamlet*, according to MM. Samson and Cressonnois, had its first night on the 25th of February at the Porte St. Martin Theatre. M. Philippe Garnier appearing as Hamlet, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt as Ophelia, in all the gorgeousness incident to the thirty or forty costumes rumor says she has ordered. Otherwise, costuming has been carefully looked to, the designs of the late Charles Fechter having been adopted. New scenery and careful rehearsing having been indulged in, the play has been booked for success and a good run. Will it command as much interest as is expected? And will the famed Sara acquit herself nobly in spite of the secret alarm she is said to have of her part? At date of writing, that is still "the question."

If Mlle. Bernhardt is successful in showing out the innocent and sweet conventionalities of Ophelia sane, and the uncanny wit and piteous grief of Ophelia insane she will be, of course, the more encouraged in a little plan she has of annexing many other Shakespearian parts to her long list. Desdemona, Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth have all felt her prowess. She announces herself ready soon to march upon Beatrice, Rosalind and Juliet.

Àpropos of Bernhardt's Shakespearesqueness, I notice that in a recent issue of the *Temps*, in course of considering the début of Mlle. Weber with Mlle. Hadamard in *Andromaque* at the Odéon last month and exalting the ability of the latter in the part of Andromaque above that of any other living actress, M. Sarcey says: "Of course I put out of the question Mlle. Sara Bernhardt who has decidedly broken with Classic Art."

* * *

The night following the opening presentation of *Hamlet*, the company of the Comedie Française celebrated the first anniversary of Victor Hugo's birthday that has occurred since his death. M. Ernest Rénan had prepared a prose dialogue called *1802* between the mighty shades of Corneille, Voltaire, Boileau, Racine, Diderot and other gifted Frenchmen who are supposed to meet together in the Elysian

Fields of Homer. He omitted Molière. According to *Gal'gnani*, when someone asked him, "Why?" he replied, "Because I think he would not have liked Victor Hugo." But even with such an important omission the conference may be justly supposed to have been mo t eminently worth overhearing I am sure it lost nothing in M. Rénan's reporting. This was the witty vicar's first stage effort, and he is said to have exacted the utmost fitness in scenic accessories. According to the *Pall Mall Budget*, the published text of M. Rénan's *1802* shows it to be a very graceful little composition and possessed of the virtue with which a writer of less tact would hardly have endowed it, of being extremely brief. Corneille, Racine, and the other immortals are, as doubtless are all immortals, duly self-complacent, but unlike mortal personages of the same type, they are equally ready to praise others besides themselves. It is Hugo of course who comes in for the most enthusiastic eulogy. His is the "breast of iron" and the "voice of brass;" in his verse are the bursts of thunder mingling with the abysmal rumbling of the volcano; "it is he who will lay a hand at once sure and timorous on those mysteries where re ts the secret of all wisdom." He is the sonorous poet who will know how to translate the tremendous wail of the earth as it struggles upward in the infinite: "lofty as the Alps," "vast as the ocean," "thought's own clarion," his soul is the "key to the universe," the "hugh cymbal whereon all things find an echo."

* * *

M. Ambroise Thomas is now writing one of his popular operas for the Grand O] era Ballet. He makes the story from the *Tempest* and calls it *Miranda*.

* * *

Hugo's translation of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, accompanied with Mendelssohn's music, is soon forth-coming at the Odéon.

* * *

Irving's uncanny travesty of *Faust* still conjures up audiences at the Lyceum at the rate of $2000 a performance. Lime-lights, gha tly colored fires and an ingeniously ordered hocus-pokerishness, if they could exercise any magic over such noble shades, might summon the immortals, Shakespeare and Goethe to a sad conferenc e in the wings over the many wrongs this crazy world still does them. When Mephisto limps out between the acts, a solemn whispering ought to appall his ears, for certainly the great English ma-ter might be heard apologizing with stately courtesy to his great German brother for his young friend Mr. Irving's unaccountable lapse from his usual high methods of interpretation. I can fancy our "Sweet Will" gravely stating his appreciation of the artistic entirety of his compatriot's representations of his own work, and wondering, with gentle concern, how he could forget himself so far as to aid and abet Mr. Wills in his sins against the work of the lofty German. And then with what an indulgent merry twinkle

of the kindly eye might he look between the chinks in the scenery at the big and paying audience the play assembled, the great German, a little more disdainful, but none the less a liberal man of the world, smiling back again at thought of all the tricks of the time, till they both break brotherly off together in "laughter of the gods." Let Mr. Irving listen well. He will hear the echo.

* * *

In its last dull reverberation this echo finds sudden reinforcement. It strikes with anything but ghostly force flat against the merry walls of Toole's Theatre. "A palpable hit," that Mr. Burnand continues, in a happier thought than usual, as *Faust and Loose*. According to the *Saturday Review*; "Mr. Burnand's burlesque follows the lines of Mr. Wills's play with great keenness and consistency; his dialogue is exceedingly crisp and sparkling, his puns amazingly fresh and varied. In the burlesque element of the piece we have not merely to do with ingenious perversions of the Lyceum drama, but with novel presentations of certain scenes that suggest the fullest and most irrefutable criticism of Mr. Wills's notions of dramatic art. Nothing in this way can be happier than the vindication of esthetic principles covertly implied by Mr. Burnand's third scene, when the mysterious person known as 'the Dame' undertakes the rôle of Martha in Margaret's chamber. The creation of this much-discus ed lady, the mother of Margaret, is a masterpiece. Her woe-begone visage (Mr. Shelton is excellent in the part) tells plainly of the long course of repression she has suffered from; from Goethe to Wills she has endured one long unmitigated agony, and might have solidified to stone and become a myth if it had not been for Mr. Bernand. Thus she asserts herself: —

> You don't know who I am. You think I'm Martha;
> I will explain ere I go any farther.
> Though Martha's not my name, yet I, in tears,
> Have been a suffering Martha many years;
> A silent Martha—never told my woes,
> But now I've got a chance at last, here goes!

And she proceeds to indulge her mood in the most whimsical and abandoned fashion, till Mephistopheles enters as the Dame retires for the night, observing as he waves his wand—

> Pantomime change. The Dame turns into bed.

Miss Marie Linden's acting as Marguerite, brilliant and fascinating throughout, is notable in this scene for the exquisite grace of her dancing, when thrilled by the discovery of the jewels, she floats in airy circles to the bewitching strains of Gounod's music. Excellent, too, is her mimicry of Miss Ellen Terry; in gesture, intona-

tion, and bearing, the illusion is perfect in the scene where Faust meets her in the new 'Place' by the 'Criterionberg.' Mr. Toole's rendering of Mephistopheles involves no very close or prolonged parody; it is indeed forbidden in the bond which Faust signs to imitate the Lyceum impersonation. In the final scene Mr. Ward, as Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, appears suddenly, with a brilliant imitation, among the company assembled in the Crystal Palace grounds, to the great consternation of his counterpart. Mr. Toole, however, is extremely droll in sporting with the supernatural elements; he flashes fire with reckless profusion, produces colored wines from impish bottles, and burlesques the tricks of mechanism and electricity that enliven Mr. Wills's play with infinite zest and variety. The steam which fills so important a place in the mysteries of the Lyceum is humorously applied in several scenes, as when Faust regains his youth by being 'Maskelyne and Cooked by steam' in a chair like a patent bath, to the tune of 'Polly, put the kettle on.'"

* * *

A certain club, now well under way, in London deserves special notice from those who honor the English Drama and desire for it that serious attention and study which can best further its healthy development. This club the "Society of Dramatic Students" having now a membership of fifty, was formed in February 1885, by ten or twelve young actors and actresses, in order, 1st, to study Dramatic Literature and 2nd, to obtain increased practice in Dramatic Art. Its Reading Committee has charge of the first aim, its General Committee of the second. After choosing a chronological period, such as the Drama of the Restoration the Reading committee makes a thorough study of the plays of this period, ransacking the stores of the British Museum for all lights that may help to illumine the road, and finally selecting from a catalogue of a hundred or so likely plays, a final list of four with casts, abstracts of the plots, and critical comments, to submit to a general meeting of the Society. After discussion by ballot of all the members, (absent ones forwarding their votes), one play is chosen, a stage manager is selected, the play cut, under the guidance of the Reading Committee, and thereupon the General Committee casts, it, puts it under study, and after fifteen or twenty rehearsals, arranges for its public presentation.

Three matinées have been given; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Vaudeville), 19th June 1885, Charles Lamb's farce *Mr. H.* and Douglass Jerrold's *Housekeeper* (Gaiety), 27th October 1885; and Dryden's *Secret Love* (Court), 19th January 1886.

The avowed attention of the Society "to produce the best plays in the English tongue especially those little known to the stage" has thus been borne out in the work already done. It has attracted much

interest from literary critics, students and professors, naturally, for this reason. At one of its social five o'clock teas held at Mr. Charles Dickens's, just before the *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was played, Professor Henry Morley occupied the arm-chair, to which the Society frequently invites some distinguished man of letters, and discoursed informally upon the play in hand. The mutual benefit that may come to literary and dramatic students from such genial habits of conference is one of the many good uses this Society is making practicable.

The moral is adressed most earnestly to ambitious and enthusiastic young actors here in America. Follow this good example in a similar path. Such careful study and rubbing of good minds together, is sure to bring, directly, to your intelligence enlightenment and a higher pleasure in your Art, and to your pocket, indirectly, but no less surely, gold.

The following account of the last performance is taken from the *Saturday Review*. The play which was acted before a crowded and attentive house, at the Court Theatre, is the fifth in order of Dryden's pieces, and his first great success with the public. It must have been the record of this popularity which directed the attention of the Dramatic Students to this play for *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen* has never been a favorite with modern critics. Scott thought "the characters tame and uninteresting;" but the public of 1667 made an exception in favor of Florimel, which was brilliantly acted by Nell Gwyn. Her vivacity in this part, one particularly sympathetic to her nature, delighted the King, who took the piece under his special protection and graced it, so Dryden tells us, "with the title of his play." As a political composition, *Secret Love* is a mixture of too many styles to be regular—prose, blank verse, and rhymed couplets struggling for the ascendancy all though. But now that we have seen it played before us, with scrupulous fidelity to the text, it is necessary either to revise our opinion of its relative poorness, or to raise our general estimate of the value of Dryden's comedies and tragedies as stage plays. The piece went so pleasantly, with much sprightly action in the comic parts, and so much dignity and harmony in the tragic, that we are left wondering whether the *Spanish Friar*, and *All for Love* would not be even more amusing and moving. It is true that certain points in the structure of the play are seen to be weak, even more plainly in watching it than in reading it. The insurrection in third and fourth acts is simply childish, and proves an impertinence that mystifies the spectator. The character of Lysimantes, first prince of the blood, is not sustained and takes at the close a turn which is almost ridiculous. The comic intrigue, on the other hand, is capital throughout, and the part of the Maiden Queen herself a fine study of

heroic passion. It was noticeable that the whole play, in spite of one or two flat pieces of Restoration commonplace—such as

My cousin is a most deserving person,

at which the house almost laughed—was strangely romantic and almost Elizabethan in tone, the richer periods of verse filling the ear with a melody that suggested the immediate followers of Shakespeare.

* * *

A brand new Theatre? Why then 'tis clear
My day is over! I've no business here.

So quoth the ancient Spirit of the Drama in the Prologue to *Twelfth Night* which celebrated the opening of the Theatre at Oxford.

Dishevelled and bent, as racked with age as the old Theatre itself, being "badly clad and somewhat chilly, he hobbles off to make room for the modern Spirit of the Play, in the mask of an undergraduate who thus announces:

Now, for our Play—Shakespeare you may be sure,
We aim no lower, nor a worse endure;
Constant we hope our names will fill the bill,
Twelfth Night to-night! hereafter, "what *You* will."

Professor Jowett, the Vice-chancellor, and translator of Plato and Aristotle smiled as Patron upon the efforts of the Oxford University company which gave the play.

Mr. Bourchier of Christ Church wrote the prologue and played the clown's part with credit. Mrs. Bewick as Viola, Mr. E. H. Clark of New College as Malvolio, Mr. Macpherson B. N. C. as Sir Toby and Mr. Smart of Magdalen as Sir Andrew also distinguished themselves.

The new Theatre has been built on the most approved principles, and great pains have been taken to secure effective scenery. And now that the University dons have consecrated it to the higher Drama, it will be open to professional performances.

H. Mark.

GOSSIP.

Miss Mary Anderson while at home in Louisville Ky., lately, received an unusual mark of honor. The legislature of the State, in session assembled, passed her a special vote of congratulation, and this testimonial of the power of genius over statesmen was, in the presence of her audience, presented to her on the stage.

Mlle. Bernhardt will set sail the 15th, of April, via Havre, with Mr. Abbey and Maurice Grau, for her tour in Brazil and Mexico. *Hamlet* will be her trump card. After this Southern excursion, she will pro-

ceed to California and thence East, closing, in New York at the Star Theatre in February 1886.

Salvini will return to Italy in May.

Henry Irving has a son who wants to wear the buskin.

Mrs. Mulock Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman* intends writing a play for Miss Anderson.

John. Gilbert is now seventy-six years old. He says he is the oldest actor in active service in the world.

The first American play ever produced on the stage in New York, April 16th 1786, was *The Contrasts* by Royal Taylor of Boston.

Mme Modjeska will open at Baldwin's Theatre in San Francisco next season, probably, with Mr. Maurice Barrymore, again, as her leading man.

Mr. T. W. Keene is to be congratulated upon his recovery of health, and the play-going public upon its recovery of him. He will resume his starring tour the 31st of August.

Miss Nettie Hooper will be one to make up the Booth Company, for next season. She signed with Mr. Barrett just before sailing on the Oregon last month for France where an engagement has been offered her.

The Royal General Theatrical Fund Benefit took place on Thursday afternoon, the 4th of March, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Shakespeare was represented in the Trial Scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum Company.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Of the Shakespearian writers of the day none has been so deservedly popular nor has exercised so extended an influence as Richard Grant White. A man of great brilliancy, writing in a strong and vigorous style, expressing his own views—and they were not unfrequently such as no other mortal could adopt—with the utmost frankness, he has done more probably, than any man of his generation to popularize Shakespeare.

His *Studies in Shakespeare**— issued posthumously, although he had carefully prepared most of the material, is characterized by his usual mixture of good qualities and faults. The contents of the book is, in brief, comprised under four general heads; On Reading Shakespeare, Narrative Analysis, Miscellanies, and Expositors. The opening essay, on Reading Shakespeare, is the most useful one in the book. It is filled with advice, good and bad. Mr. White had most unreasonable views of the efficacy of Shakespeare Societies, and the ability of women to read Shakespeare, and what is much more important — to understand him, and he defends these opinions at considerable length. But the soundness of his general advise on the reading of Shakespeare is unquestioned, and the paper is well worth careful study by all would-be students of Shakespeare.

Mr. White's narrative analyses are in his happiest vein, and his own impression of the plays have more than a personal interest. The lesson he draws from *Hamlet* is manifestly just. He trusts that his narrative may help those who can read it as he does

> to apprehend the lesson that it teaches; that a man may have kindliness, and grace, and accomplishment, high thoughts and good impulses, and even a will that can stand firmly up against attack (as it were, leaning against opposition), and yet if he have not strong, urgent, exclusive desire, which compels him to put his impulses and will into action, and seek one single object, if indeed he be not ballasted with principle and impelled by purpose, he will be blown about by every flaw of fortune, and be sucked down into the quicksand of irresolution: — that it is better, with Fortinbras, to make mouths at an invisible event, than with Hamlet, to be ever peering enviously into the invisible future; — that, in the words of the wicked King, which gave the key of Shakespeare's meaning,
>
> That we would do,
> We should do when we would; for this "would" changes
> And hath abatements and delays as many
> As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
> And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
> That hurts by easing.

And so one might go through this beautifully printed volume and scarce find a page that is not filled with suggestive thought. Of special note is the thoroughly sensible paper on "The Baconian Craze," in which the unorthodox receive a severe overhauling, and one which most people will think is well deserved. The least satisfactory paper in the whole book, and the one to which most exception may be taken, and justly too, is that on Glossaries and Lexicons, in which Mr. White has seen fit to find all manner of fault with Dr. Schmidt's great Shakespeare Lexicon. Mr. White never wrote in worst taste, nor were his bitterly sharp criticisms more uncalled for. No one at the present moment who has had occasion to use Dr. Schmidt's work can fail to recognise its worth, and it is a matter of much regret that Mr. White deemed it best to reproduce the essay in this volume. The most that can be said for it is that it is the only blemish on an otherwise admirable book.

* *Studies in Shakespeare.* R. G. White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1886.

A NEW GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE.

Alle that he doth write
Is pure his owne.

Moved to zealous defence of Shakespeare's high personality from the small, keen cuts of Mr. Donelly and others, Mrs. Dall strikes with all her force upon this note in her book.* It is perhaps beside the mark to say that she adds little strength of her own to the sound work of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, Dr. Ingleby and Mr. French, for any Shakespeare students who can have access to these stores — the armory whence all her weapons are drawn — since she claims that it is not for these students she writes, but for the young and untaught, the children who need a brief and cheap hand-book. For them she has summed up "What We Really Know About Shakespeare." But since this title is so plainly narrowed to matters of fact, it provokes the criticism that much more than we really know is included under the continent heading. Restraint in matters of dispute is so much more telling against opposition than the eager probabilities to which enthusiasm of a great subject leads. Particularly when an argument has been begun under limits of one's own setting. The proud modesty of the well-known book-title of the *Tribune* sage, "What I Know About Farming," might have justly suggested a little curbing in of name and style here. Certainly much that is asserted is not what we really know considered as a "we" representing a world that only entertains as sure facts those that are scholarly-sought and well-winnowed. And certainly much that is zealously brought forward in this book would go more becomingly under the title, "What Mrs. Dall Knows About Shakespeare." Whereupon every reader might interpolate, under his breath for courtesy's sweet sake, this note for his own private use and behoof, "thinks she knows," and weigh for himself the matter she presents. This matter consists, first, of an outline of Shakespeare's life, following Halliwell-Phillipps's path, stopping here and there to gossip, and anon departing from it for one or two or three raids through the underbrush of conjecture, at her risk and that student's loss who accepts this pocket guide upon her offer in lieu of his heavier-weight hand-book. Second, the immediate families of Richard and John Shakespeare are named over and carried to the several dates where the Shakespeare name sinks again into death or obscurity. Third, a remark or two on Shakespeare's personal character impelled by her own feeling about what it must have been, therefore of more or less worth in any reader's eyes according as these estimates fit in with views of his own, and, necessarily, from the nature of the subject, of little positive value. I say, necessarily from the nature of the subject any such estimates of Shakespeare's character are

* *What We Really Know about Shakespeare.* Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. clo. viii. and 189 pp.

mere matters of personal opinion, becuse the man himself, who lived behind, and still lives in the picture of the world he made, is at once so open to the sympathies and so close-locked against the superficial prying of his fellow-men. Fourth, a short chapter upon Delia Bacon, rather oddly placed in the body of the book and taking precedence of the closing section, a history of the accumulations of John and William Shakespeare from 1550-1616. The chapter on Miss Bacon is interesting because the author knew her well and because her figure is a striking one emerging from the thin, cool shadows of early New England life with something of the intellectual delicacy and the sibylline fervor of Margaret Fuller. Its pertinency here, unless indeed it were to usher in a succinct account of the Baconian controversy, is not evident; such an account is not given, and as the chapter stands it is scrap for notes rather than stuff for a Shakespearian hand-book. The appendix is made up of references to Shakespeare by writers of the 17th century, most of them drawn from the *Centurie of Prayse*, and of other contemporary and theatrical evidences, with notes of the business records as quoted by Halliwell-Phillipps. The "new points" presented, with an enumeration of which the book ends, are in regard to the applications for the coat of armour which taken in connection with the bill for the recovery of Asbyes indicate that some bitter local feuds made the obtaining of the coat a personal affair and instigated the poet to revenge himself in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* upon the Lucy's pretentions. Then in regard to a supposed removal of John Shakespeare to the country leaving the son's family in the Henley Street house. Further, in disconnecting Anne Hathaway of Stratford from Anne Hathaway of Shottery. And again in crediting the erection of the monument to the players of the Blackfriars and the inscription to Ben Jonson; these theories being set up on the ground that the monument was made in London by Gerard Johnson whose business place was near the theatre, and that Dr. Hall could not have written so unpuritanical an inscription, and that if he did not write it, he did not put up the stone. If these considerations do not prove that Shakespeare's friends and "fellowes" put up the bust and that Ben Jonson did write the words upon it, what do they prove? If "reasons were as plenty as blackberries" and they were all of this kind, conclusions might roam around like a tribe of wandering Jews. They would never find their last end.

Judging from these and other hit-and-miss reasons for these vulnerable "new points," one must strike again the radically wrong basis of the book, which lies in its claim to be a trustworthy hand-book for young students and containing "what we really know about Shakespeare." Sailing under another flag, such conjectures at hits would not be challenged. Put forth as tentative enquiries and suggestions, their defects would become merits. This quarrel with them, be it understood, should not be taken to cast discredit upon daring in any "constant

question." Rash enterprises often are the only hope of growth into wider light; scientific care, to study values and weight considerations, being always safe-guard against error and presumption. But a guide should eschew rashness, exercise restraint and content itself with the trust of its followers.

Two other probabilities or possibilities of Mrs. Dall's are noteworthy. None the less out of place are they, either they or her title, and certainly not new, still very interesting conjectures and enticing points for future study. One is that sometime between his fourteenth and his twentieth year Shakespeare was "a schoolmaster in the countrie;" (quoted from Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Men, 1680,) the other that during the five blank years, from 1587-1592 Shakespeare was a traveler on the continent.

Some strictures upon the inconveniences of the Halliwell-Phillipps Outlines for ready reference are courteously made by Mrs. Dall. These are partly met by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in a letter, an extract from which bearing on the matter is given in the Literary Notes of this issue of SHAKESPEARIANA.

LITERARY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARIANA gives place gladly to the announcement of the now forth-coming volume of its valued contributor, Mr. F. G. Fleay. This work makes an attempt to collect neglected material bearing on Shakespeare's theatrical career, to establish certain conclusions as to the chronology of the work from evidence derived from the early production of English plays in Germany, and to throw new light upon the Sonnets.

A chronicle history of the life and work of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Playmaker By F. G. Fleay M. A. With 3 etchings of interest. Medium 8oo, 15s nett. London: John C. Nimmo. 1886.

In *Shakespearian Scenes and Characters* issued this month by Cassell & Co. Mr. Austin Brereton gives an account of the stage history of each play and notes the most famous representation of English and foreign actors for a period extending over two centuries. He runs the scale in short from Betterton to Irving, and crosses the Atlantic to introduce a note or two that has been triumphantly struck upon the American Stage. The volume is sumptuously built, having thirty steel plates and ten wood-engravings in illustration of the plays. Mr. Henry Irving bears the honor of the dedication.

The first volume of the biographical series *The Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States from the days of Garrick to the Present Time*, as planned by Brander Matthews and Lawrence Hutton will be published this month. Biography, critical essays and extracts, personal anecdote and instances of character are the three rallying points around which will be collected all that can be found to illustrate the life and work of each actor.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps writes to an American correspondent: "I am well aware of the two great defects in my *Outlines* to which you allude, the want of a good index and of an account of the engravings. I had made considerable progress with both of them last spring when I was almost suddenly prostrated; and feeling from what the doctor said that a long and absolute rest was a necessity, I preferred issuing the volume without them, to deferring its publication for an indefinite period. As it was, though pretty well in general health, I was unable to do bookwork all the summer, the examination of the records of two towns being pretty much all I managed to get through with during upwards of six months. If I have better luck this spring, these blemishes will, I hope, be removed. What I have left of literary ambition has been abundantly satisfied by the kind reception my book has met with in every direction, especially among American students a reception that is stimulating me to do my best to add to its utility." [*The Nation*, March 11th]

The New Shakspere Society at its meeting on the 12th of February added a last word to its investigation of the Sonnet mysteries. The Rev. W. A. Harrison's paper on the subject and the discussion that followed seemed to agree upon the acceptance of William Herbert and Mary Fitton as the "onlie begetters" of the Sonnets. Having earnestly worked their way out of a mist upon this hypothesis, the members of the Society have of course a very good right to uphold it in default of any other as tenable, yet there is left one which many Shakespearian lovers will fall back upon with relief, that until a theory is more than possible, or probable, they need believe — nothing.

But the most obstinate of Shakespearian agnostics must rejoice in the discussion and the research which has resulted in the republication of the Sonnets, a fac-simile in Photo-lithography by Charles Praetorius of the first quarto, 1609. Mr. Thomas Tyler of the New Shakspere Society furnishes the Introduction in which he follows up all Mr. William Rossetti had said and independently collects many other clues to show that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the beautiful youth of the Sonnets, and the often-mated mistress Fitton the dark lady "unbiassed in her favours."

Mr. William Sharp editor of a new edition of the *Songs, Poems and Sonnets of William Shakspeare* is in his "Critical Introduction," still more confirmed in this faith,

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

A foreign visitor to the United States, on his return home, was telling the peculiarities of the people of different American cities. In one of them, he said, they had for a Shibboleth, "What do you know?" Without regard to any other of the circumstances in which an applicant for admission to their society might be placed, he had to show intelligent experience in a wide range of knowledge or he was excluded. We have often thought that was a very excellent test of character, and it is a test that more people than those living in the particular city referred to make continually, whether consciously or no. It is the ordeal every witness in every court of justice everywhere has to undergo. It is right that the test should be applied, and it is right that every applicant for attention in human society should endure the ordeal. The test is of value under varied conditions. In the sick-room the question is asked of those who once were ill, but who are now enjoying health, about means of restoration, "What do you know?" The kindly hearts of a number of correspondents who, through gratitude, have come forward to tell the story of the means by which they are now well, lead to the publication of the following responses:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"GENTLEMEN:—Permit me to express to you my hearty recognition of the good your Compound Oxygen Treatment has done in my own household. One of our family has been several years afflicted with a combination of lung, head and nerve difficulties, very severe, and resisting every form of medical application. He had tried physicians literally by the score; changes of climate, south and west, and had grown hopeless nearly altogether. You know how *complex* was his case, and how apparently beyond help, for he visited you in person when just able to be out of bed. You did not think him curable. Nor can I say that he was cured, but he was amazingly helped. He tried the Compound Oxygen with little faith, and his cough grew less, his strength greater. His nervous condition improved steadily, but whenever the Oxygen was intermitted for a time he lost ground again. Last spring he had become so well and strong that the treatment did not seem necessary, and he gave it up. He had regained his former weight, his cough was rarely ever heard by night or day. He walked about with vigor, and attended actively to business. His wonderful improvement surprised himself and all who knew him.

This fall, when the autumnal changes began, he should have resumed it as a safeguard, but did not. He took a new cold, and was careless of consequences. As a result, he has lost much of the ground so gratefully recovered, but I believe the Compound Oxygen can and will again do its beneficent work. My faith in it is great. Yours,

"A. A HOPKINS.

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., December 2, 1885."

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL. D., President of Middlebury College, Vermont, writes:

"I derived so much benefit from your Compound Oxygen Treatment last year that I will ask you to send me the same supply for home treatment with the Inhaler, for which I inclose the price. By my advice others have tried it, and never without benefit."

REV. A. A. JOHNSON, A. M., formerly financial agent, and now President of Wesleyan College, Fort Worth, Texas, wrote us under date of February 21, 1885:

DRS. STARKEY AND PALEN:—From 1878 to June, 1883, I was troubled more or less with catarrh. During those years I tried several remedies, but from them I received no permanent relief. In the winter and spring of 1883 I grew a great deal worse, and suffered greatly with sore throat, hoarseness, and catarrhal fever. At times I could not speak publicly, because of hoarseness and coughing. Alarmed at my condition, I sought a remedy, and was led to try the Compound Oxygen cure. It worked like magic. Within two weeks my hoarseness and sore throat were gone, and my general health began to improve at once. At the end of three months, when I had finished the first treatment, the catarrh was gone. I have not been specially troubled with catarrh since. I regard the Compound Oxygen treatment as *a wonderful discovery* of science, and a blessing to suffering humanity. A. A. JOHNSON.

On November 2, 1885, Mr. Johnson wrote: "You are at liberty to use anything I have written you in favor of Compound Oxygen. I regard it as a great remedy."

REV. JOSEPH H. FESPERMAN, of Capel Grove, N. C., was a great sufferer from lung disease until he took a course of treatment of Compound Oxygen. He writes: "I believe the cavity in my left lung is healed. Until two weeks ago have not coughed a dozen times in a year."

REV. J. T. HUTCHESON, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, sends the following from San Antonio, Texas:

"During the latter part of the summer of 1884, my wife and myself took the *office treatment* of Compound Oxygen, under Drs. Starkey and Palen, of Philadelphia, and were greatly benefited by it. Our troubles were malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, and in my own case, nervous exhaustion. My wife, who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, has never been troubled with it since."

From REV. G. W. GRAHAM, Clarendon, Texas, Nov. 7, 1885:

"I very gladly give my consent for my name to be used. *I have been taken out of the jaws of death by your Compouud Oxygen*, and wish my former and present condition could be known to every afflicted one in all of this great land."

REV. I. S. COLE, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Manitowaning, Algoma, Ontario, Canada, bears this testimony: "I deem it a high privilege to assist in any way in making known so wonderful a discovery as your Compound Oxygen. I have found it of great benefit in my own family, and know of good results in the families of acquaintances."

Curiosity as to Compound Oxygen may be fully gratified by any one who will take the trouble to write a postal card or letter of request to Drs. Starkey & Palen, at 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia. They publish a brochure of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results*, also monographs on asthma, catarrh, consumption, dyspepsia, hay fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.; also, once a quarter, they issue *Health and Life*, a record of cures of patients made by the patients themselves. This publication has been issued every quarter for over six years, and is a complete answer to all questions as to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. All this literature, or anypart of it, will be sent, post-paid, freely to any address on application.

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